# THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 16 NOVEMBER 1983 NO. 11

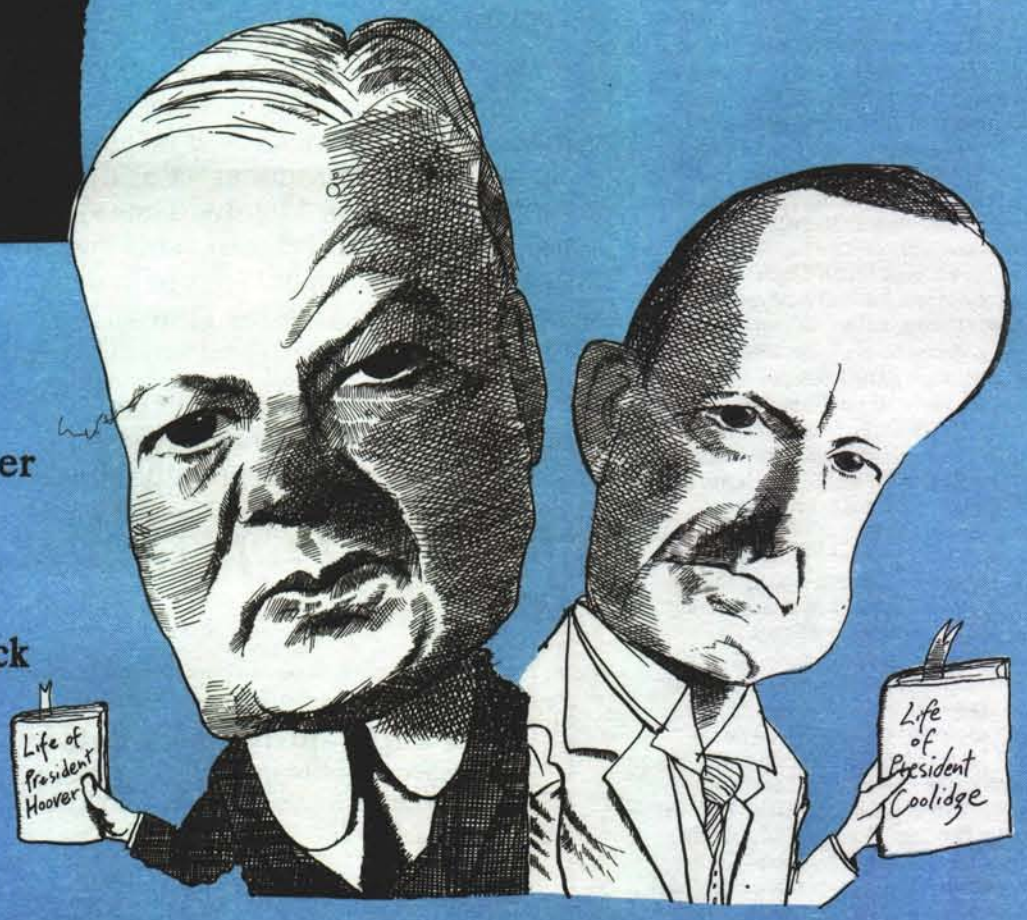
George Gilder, Jack Kemp, Arthur B. Laffer, Herbert Stein, Jude Wanniski . . .

## IS SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS DEAD?

A Symposium.

Truths About
Herbert Hoover
by Richard Brookhiser

Lies About
Calvin Coolidge
by Vincent Fitzpatrick

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A MONTHLY REVIEW
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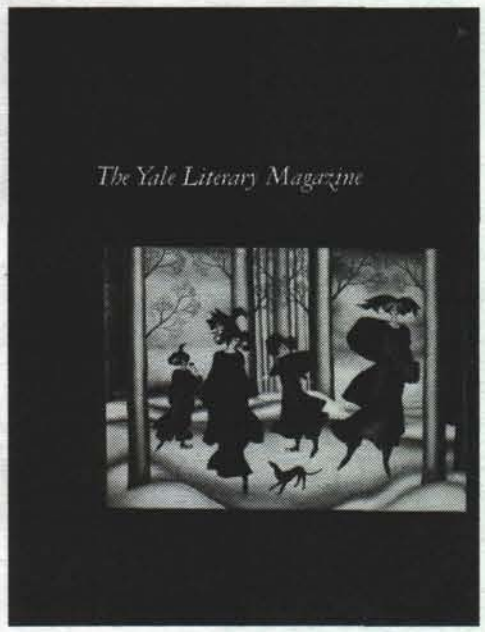


Oleg Prokofiev on his father's music • A. L. Rowse on Edmund Wilson • Leonid Pasternak on the Pasternak family • The diaries of Roy Fuller • Malcolm Cormack on the art of George Stubbs • E. M. Cioran on himself • Lewis H. Lapham on knowledge • Rosalyn Tureck on Bach • Mark Girouard on Victorian mansions • Richard Brookhiser on the art of Igor Galanin • Peter Witonski discovering the writings of Bruno Schulz • William F. Buckley, Jr. on our fading schools • A story by Andrei Platonov • Jean MacVean uncovering the poetry of Thomas Blackburn • I. E. Ouvaroff on the fable of Marc Chagall • Bryan Griffin on the Philistines • Otto J. Scott on servility • Martin Seymour-Smith on England • Curtis Cate on the follies of Walter Lippmann • A. L. Rowse on Cosgrave's Dublin • Lev Navrozov exposing the *New York Review of Books* • Richard Brookhiser scolding the *Nation* • Lev Navrozov exposing the *New York Times* • John Chamberlain reminiscing about journalism • A novella by Mircea Eliade • George Gilder on money and freedom • Roy Strong on Nicholas Hilliard and the English miniature • The letters of Arthur Schnitzler • I. E. Ouvaroff on the paintings of William Bailey • A forgotten play by Eugene Schwarz • J. Jean Aberbach on his friendship with Fernando Botero • Uwe Siemon-Netto on the fall of Europe • Sir Ernst Gombrich on Franz Schubert and the Vienna of his time • Lewis H. Lapham on ignorance • Annie Dillard on faith • Ezra Pound on music • Vasily Rozanov on himself • Thomas Molnar on Jean-Paul Sartre • I. E. Ouvaroff on Will Barnet • Gordon Craig's Paris Diary • Boris Goldovsky on opera • William French on Pound's Hemingway connection • Luigi Barzini on the British • Homage to Elie Nadelman • Curtis Cate on Le Corbusier • Raël Jean and Erich Isaac on the utopian think tanks • Also Philip Larkin, W. Nelson-Cave, Charles Causley, Charles Edward Eaton, Joseph Brodsky, Douglas Dunn, Hamish Guthrie, J. C. Hall, John Heath-Stubbs, Leslie Norris, Anne Ridler, Rudolph Schirmer, Michael Schmidt, Tarjei Vesaas, Christopher Fry, Eugene Dubnov, Richard Eberhart.

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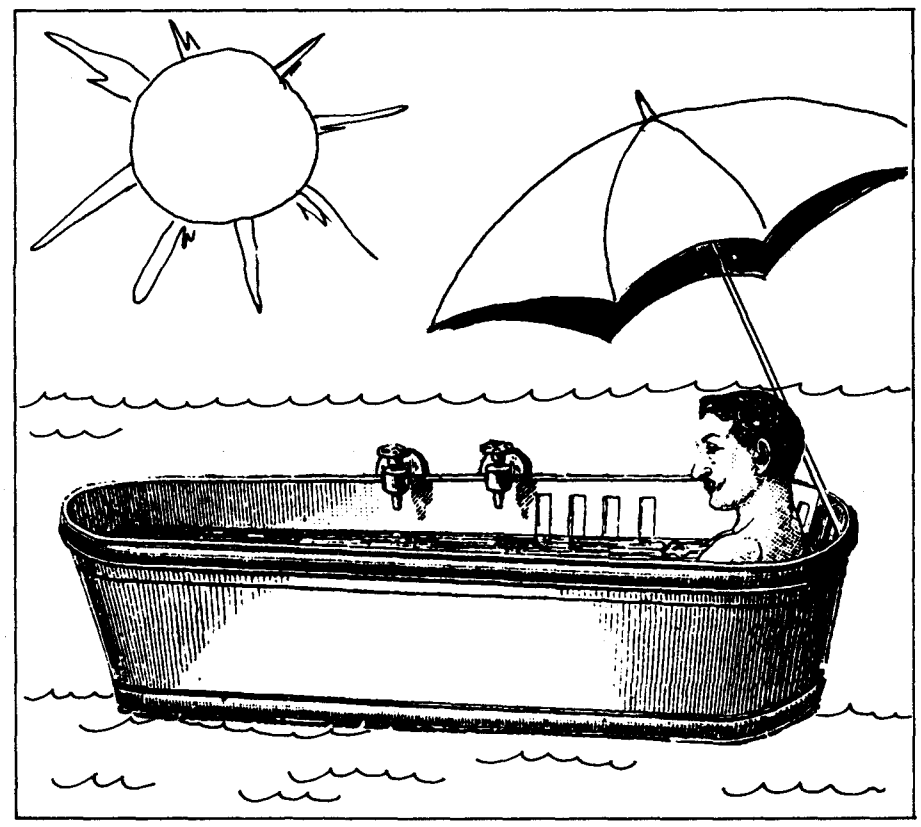
# THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•September passes and I can think of aught else but Mr. William Neal, 22, and his plastic bathtub. Mr. Neal set out from Helsinki, Finland late in the month on the last leg of a 1700-mile odyssey from London to Leningrad in a specially equipped 5-foot-long bathtub, hoping to get his name into the *Guinness Book of World Records* and to raise money for one or another of the noble causes that attract such hams. "It's going to be a tremendous feeling to get to Russia," he said in a cryptic *au revoir*. Tremendous feeling indeed, he has no visa and his motor-propelled bathtub is without permission to enter Soviet territorial waters. Moreover, his route is well surveilled by Ivan's armed forces, and after the Korean Air Lines massacre of September 1 the whole world knows how jealously the Soviets guard their coveted territory. What if the Soviets take Mr. Neal's craft for an instrument of espionage? That was how they construed Korean Air Lines Flight 007, an unarmed commercial flight from New York to Seoul; and so they blasted it from the skies. Then, to an agape world, they denied the deed for five days and never did apologize but rather blamed the barbarism on the United States. Why not blame it on Albania or the Holy Roman Empire? There is no accounting for the vagaries followed by Stalin's heirs, but what does one make of the stone-headed members of the American peace movement? They have merely redoubled their efforts to force-feed us their quack remedy, and what is that remedy? They want to turn all America into an unarmed commercial flight; still they have lost no standing whatsoever in the eyes of America's high and mighty.

•Ex-senator George McGovern announced his candidacy for the presidency, but then so did ex-governor Harold Stassen and which of these worthies would you prefer in the White House? Just days before the Soviet attack on KAL 007 the Oracle of the 1970s was whooping it up for Yuri Andropov and murmuring darkly about the Reagan White House. At his announcement ceremony, 13 days after the death of the 269 innocents aboard KAL 007, he could only say that the atrocity "underscores the folly of the present cold war tension," as if there were anything the United States could do to mollify Soviet paranoia. Many of the most revered columnists in the country sounded about the same (see this edition of "Current Wisdom") and so did many of McGoo's fellow Democratic candidates, but an eerie new gibber had invested their sonorities, to wit: they are now really quavering.

•In Los Angeles, two-year-old Denzell Owens has been found. Denzell, the son of Norma Clay, was lost when he and his brother, Arell, were put under the care of Mrs. Clay's boyfriend who got duly squiffed "while having a few drinks at a nearby parking lot." When he woke up "on the ground" he found Denzell had vamoosed. In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania Mr. Elwood Nolden, 34, is under suspicion of bank robbery after a man closely fitting his description robbed a bank by passing a note demanding money to two cashiers. Unfortunately the note was written on the back of a subpoena from the Allegheny County Common Pleas Court, bearing the address of the aforementioned Nolden.

•America's fulgurous procession toward pristine and perfect justice continues but not without sublime and derisory incident. In Benson, Minnesota Mr. Francis Rakowski, a burglar by trade, will receive $75,000 from the man whose automobile he looted of $150 worth of goods back in 1977, a Minnesota jury has so ordered. It was during this ill-starred heist that the automobile's owner shot Mr. Rakowski in the foot. "I don't think it was too unjust for what they done to me," a philosophic Mr. Rakowski reported to the press. "They ruined the rest of my life. For the $150 or so worth of merchandise, it wasn't worth ruining a guy's foot for life"—though on future heists he will be able to avail himself of handicapped parking, or perhaps the state will arrange specially equipped public transportation during his getaway attempts. In Los Angeles, Superior Court Judge Robert Stevens has been granted a disability retirement payment of $41,123 per year. Two years ago the loquacious Judge Stevens was censured for making obscene telephone calls, and he has not been his old self since they took his telephone rights away. On September 10 the long ordeal of the husband of a deceased employee of Brownfield's Orthopedic and Prosthetic Company ended when the Idaho Supreme Court ruled that the husband is indeed entitled to job-related compensation benefits because his wife choked to death at her company's 1977 Christmas party. Psychiatrist Thomas Harris, author of that morose little classic *I'm OK—You're OK*, will collect $150,000 from a slander suit against a preacher, the leader of a fundamentalist Christian strike unit, and the California radio station that carried the preacher's erroneous report that Mr. Harris had committed suicide after his book was published, a charge that while indeed slanderous is nevertheless plausible to anyone who has tried to read this moronic book.



•In Bethesda, Maryland, a Washington, D.C. woman was electrocuted when a yogurt dispensing machine developed a short circuit in the cafeteria of the National Institute of Health, spoiling a large supply of the stuff that had theretofore been considered salubrious or at least harmless. The vicious habit of mind of the anti-smoking energumen was again revealed in all its bloodthirstiness when militant nonsmoker Miroslaw Kaliszewski, 21, savagely murdered his father after the senior Kaliszewski lit a cigarette in the first-floor living room of the family's Brooklyn flat. Kaliszewski the younger is a student at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice, where he apparently learned criminal justice too well. In a move that must have horrified many of America's gaudily irenic Roman Catholic bishops, Pope John Paul II journeyed to Vienna to celebrate the third centennial of the Christian victory over the Islamic hordes at the gates of Vienna. Why does this Pope insist on celebrating victories? Why not a few military defeats? Now that would be a festival that even Bishop Raymond Hunthausen could take part in with a serene conscience.



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•On September 17 Miss Vanessa Williams was crowned the first caliginous Miss America, which is not the only good news in the struggle for racial equality. Noting that "the heavyweight championship has had a great symbolic and historical meaning to black people," civil rights leader Mr. Roy Innis of the Congress of Racial Equality has urged World Boxing Council heavyweight champion Mr. Larry Holmes to wrest the World Boxing Association's heavyweight crown from Mr. Gerrie Coetzee, the pink-cheeked South African who won his title from Mr. Michael Dokes, on September 23. In idealistic words that rang out gloriously wherever the sweet science is reverenced, Mr. Innis proclaimed: "Fate has assigned you a sacred mission: that is to retrieve the Holy Grail—the undivided heavyweight championship of the world." In other sports news, the Australian sailboat *Australia II* beat the American yacht *Liberty* to become the first foreign ship to win the America's Cup in 132 years, and in Prairie Du Sac, Wisconsin, Mr. Lynn Vandeberg and Miss Kay Hankins won their respective divisions in the Wisconsin State Cow Chip Throwing Championships.

•Mr. George Mitchell, 34, is back in the Davidson County calaboose in Nashville, Tennessee for stomping on ladies' feet. During the past 13 years he has spent only eight months out of the jug and been convicted 40 times for the same inscrutable deed. When will he learn? Kennedyites felt the old glow, the arrival of yet another romantic struggle, when Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. was indicted for heroin possession in Rapid City, South Dakota, and finally we are being provided with a hint of what the green in Greenpeace means. On September 2 one of those Greenpeace activists who figured in the group's July raid on a Soviet whaling station was indicted for smuggling 15 tons of marijuana into Maine. What if we fed it to whales? Finally, mazel tov to Mr. James Burnham and Señor Jorge Louis Borges, winners respectively of the Richard M. Weaver Award and the T.S. Eliot Award, Ingersoll prizes for creative endeavor inspired not by the gutter. *—RET*

# CORRESPONDENCE

**Will Watch**

Fred Barnes (Presswatch, *TAS*, September 1983) tells us that it's a certainty in his mind that *Accuracy in Media* and *Human Events* would have pilloried Joe Kraft had he dropped by a Carter debate practice session and tossed out a question. He suggests that our defense of George Will's having done the equivalent for Reagan reflects a conservative bias.

I can't speak for *Human Events*, but *Accuracy in Media* doesn't owe George Will a thing. To my knowledge, the only time he has ever mentioned *AIM* publicly, he took pains to insure that he did not damage his merchandiseability with the networks.

Cliff Kincaid and I did a radio broadcast in which we said that Will was getting a bum rap from some of his journalistic colleagues. We cited a few historical cases of much deeper involvement by journalists in partisan politics, including one involving Joe Alsop. We noted that one of Will's critics, Jack Nelson of the *L.A. Times*, was himself very close to Jimmy Carter.

This is the only thing that I have said on the subject, and it is remarkably similar to what Barnes himself said in his article.

While Joe Kraft did once terminate a phone conversation with me several years ago with a rude sexual expletive, I can assure Fred Barnes that I would not think of pillorying Joe for engaging in the common journalistic sin of political intercourse.

*—Reed Irvine, Chairman*
*Accuracy in Media, Inc.*
*Washington, D.C.*

In "Anything Goes" (Presswatch, *TAS*, September 1983) Fred Barnes fails to make the crucial distinction between the "journalistic ethics" governing news reporters and those governing editorial columnists. Would George Will have been "wrong" had he encouraged candidate Reagan to read his columns because they might be politically helpful? Was R. Emmett Tyrrell "wrong" in commenting about the 1980 campaign knowing full well that Ronald Reagan was a subscriber to his monthly review? Let's get serious. George Will's job is to give his opinion concerning events; even those events he may have helped to shape. *—Carl Rowley*
*Columbia, Missouri*

**Reid Buckley Replies**

*Re* Mr. Perkinson's discerning criticism of my put-down of Anthony Burgess's *The End of the World News* (Correspondence, *TAS*, October 1983), sure I know what Mr. Burgess is trying to do, but what I'm saying is that it don't work. Too tricky, too arty, too contrived. It *bores*. As for the Uncle Charles Principal (sic), up to a degree, oh o.k., beyond it, bull-----y. Becomes the kind of phony-baloney that entraps writers into playing games for the tickling of etiolated critical quills (which is what has been done in poetry). (*Who* reads poetry nowadays: pros and creeps?) That stark fact is that Mr. Burgess needs a rest. He has written himself out. When he ceases to explore the human heart, which is the novelist's only true business, book by book ever more desperately trying to conceal his sterility of emotions behind verbal wizardry and structural artifice, he forfeits our affectionate esteem, sadly.

*—F.R. Buckley*
*Camden, South Carolina*

*The editors apologize to Mr. Buckley for printing Mr. Perkinson's letter before receiving Mr. Buckley's reply.*

**Patton**

In his September reveiw of *A General's Life*, Eliot A. Cohen complains that the postwar romanticization of George Patton has taken place at Omar Bradley's expense. His laudatory profile of Bradley suffers from the reverse problem. He denigrates the life and legend of General Patton, admonishing our officer corps to idolize the mild mannered Bradley and forego the bluster of GSP, Jr. Cohen's inaccuracies about Patton provoke an admonition to read *The Patton Papers* and *War As I Knew It*.

Patton (and MacArthur) in particular never knowingly wasted human life. His goal in Sicily was to establish conclusively that the American soldier should not be regarded as a second class fighter by either the English or the Germans. The Sicilian campaign established absolutely the credentials of the American soldier as a match for any and all.

From the breakout at Avranche through the assault on Metz to the rescue at Bastogne, Patton was the complete general, so impressive and effective that the resultant professional jealousy kept Eisenhower and Bradley from approving Patton's 3rd Division strike at Berlin which assuredly would have won the war.

Our officer corps can learn from many models. The widespread appreciation of General Patton by military and non-military people affirms what the lowest "dog soldier" knew: Patton's Army rolled; his soldiers won and lived; and his country triumphed.

*—William J. Watson, MD*
*Taunton, Massachusetts*

**The Great Achievers**

As an immigrant from Europe with the warmest feelings toward my adopted country I was delighted by Stephen Miller's article, "Gutter Rousseauists" (*TAS*, October 1983), to which I should like to add that every U.S. journalist of note suffers from a subconscious guilt complex: why did *he* make it into the White House and not me? A journalist loves to be in the public eye and cannot forgive the politician the publicity he earns by entering the tough game of politics.

But the matter has international implications. West German news media take their cue from America's Eastern press with the result that to many German readers and viewers U.S. political leaders appear either ridiculous or brinkmannish or corrupt, in general untrustworthy. This promotes neutralism in line with Soviet aims. Another brilliant achievement of American publicists lies in the fact that in "the world's greatest democracy" just a little over half of the citizenry finds it worthwhile to vote in national elections.

*—P.R. Neureiter*
*Geneseo, New York*



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# EDITORIALS

## MASKED POLITICS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

A political philosophy has sunk to a very low estate when its most ardent practitioners do not dare to admit that politics is their game and power their aim. Yet that is precisely the condition in which many of the liberal brethren find themselves today.

Of course, no politico ever wants to admit that he goes through the hoops of kissing babies and cosseting interest groups merely so that he might get nearer to the levers of power. That would be undignified. So most of our Caesars claim some patriotic or public purpose: yet another water project for Bull Snort, Georgia, Social Security disability payments for the morose. Throughout our wild and glorious political history, however, most pols have at least admitted to being pols. I have even met a few who considered politics a high calling. Today we are faced with many pols so devious that they will not even identify themselves. Rather, they conceal their true natures by claiming the noble cause, the arcane insight, and the higher virtue.

This is masked politics, and I suggest that the political scientists define it in their learned texts as the concealment of one's true identity and purpose behind the mask and fancy costume of some idealistic endeavor, for instance: environmentalism, civil rights, feminism, the nuclear freeze. All are lovely ideals, but more to the point they seem to be effective costumes for covering up the fact that one is au fond a liberal lusting for power and the White House.

Certainly, the press has yet to recognize the deception. Thus it reports almost any feminist shriek as the cry of American womanhood rather than the shriek of a lady liberal. Even the political advisers to our President remain fooled. All summer they were spooked by the liberals in feminist clothing and by those liberals who call themselves minority spokesmen. They induced the President to go about sympathizing with the feminists and those other "activists" whose goal is more government spending and a liberal in the White House. If the luck of the masked pols holds out, perhaps next summer the President's advisers will persuade him to go about claiming that he is a liberal or a socialist.

Yet if the masked liberals in their artfulness gave us a few laughs this past summer they also gave us cause for sadness. To see the heirs to the party of Franklin Roosevelt in false face and wigs leaves me melancholy, though the liberals cannot say that I did not warn them. For over a decade I have reproached them, and in the most gentlemanly tones, for their increasing radicalism. Yet each year they grow ever snootier toward the middle-class American way of life. Well, now their magic potions and anti-bourgeois crusades are decidedly out of odor with the average American who wants only to get through life with a little peace of mind, a bit of freedom, and some disposable income free from the tax collector's rapacious grasp.

The liberals have dragged politics into every aspect of American life and the ordinary American is not happy about it. I side with him. For some 20 years the liberals have pretty much gotten all they wanted. Sometimes that has been for the best, as in the case of the civil rights legislation that extended the Bill of Rights to minorities. More often, however, the liberal orgies on Capitol Hill have nearly bankrupted the country—assuming that a national debt of nearly a trillion dollars and our colossal yearly deficits do not already amount to national bankruptcy. Then too, they have failed utterly to accomplish their alleged ends.

As the eminent British political philosopher Maurice Cranston has again observed, the American welfare state is more intrusive and expensive than that of France's Socialist government, and what has it achieved? The postwar trend of steadily diminishing numbers in poverty ended abruptly with the rise of the Great Society, and throughout the 1970s, despite all the taxpayers' monies that were lavished on social spending, poverty increased.

Have these unedifying results induced our liberals to rethink their magic potions? Not at all. They grow more extreme. But ordinary Americans have had enough. They do not want their lives any further politicized and they do not want to carry any heavier tax burdens. Hence the poor liberals have to claim that they are something else, as they did at last August's Washington march. There the liberals stood, fancily disguised as civil rights activists, environmentalists, peace marchers, advocates of gay rights. A commemoration of Martin Luther King, Jr. indeed, I recall no utterance by him on gay rights or the fate of the snail darter.

Let us identify those behind the masks. If their highfalutin demands and promises call for more bureaucracy and judge-made law, they are liberals. And when they duck democratic process by sneaking their policies through the bureaucracies and the courts, they are the most devious masked pols of all. □

*Adapted from RET's weekly* Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

## McGOO II

Last month was a felicitous one for Democratic presidential candidate John Glenn. His stock rises. He finished first in a straw poll of delegates to the state convention of the New Jersey Democratic party. Then the *Wall Street Journal* ran a long article on his candidacy abundant with bouquets. But then George McGovern declared his candidacy for the Democratic nomination, and as he intoned his New Age flumdiddle in those curiously impassive tones so characteristic of him premonition stabbed at the hearts of the Democratic old guard who see the Hon. Glenn as their 1984 meal ticket.

By rite and custom both of our great political parties insist that their presidential nominees be sanctified by the huzza-huzzas of a party convention, and for Democrat Glenn this could present a problem. He is not a fanatic, and going back to 1968 fanatics have shaped national Democratic conventions.

The Hon. McGovern, of course, is right at home with fanatics. Indeed, he has massaged the fanatics who afflict his party as assiduously as has Walter Mondale. George McGovern's very name has served as an eponym for Democratic fanaticism, and for some 20 years he has propounded every left-wing program that does not require acuity and wit. Naturally when it comes to acquainting us with his far-sighted and audacious positions today he is coy. He declares that he is for "realism and common sense," by gum. And it is a matter of



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public record that he founded some sort of political group called "Americans for Common Sense" once South Dakotans had done with him in 1980.

All this honeyfogling, once again, amounts to masked politics. Were it not for the bad odor that he and his friends have brought to the word, McGovern would be saying that he is for liberalism; and were he candid he would be saying that he is for radicalized liberalism. Unmasked and unfragranced, McGovern is for more taxes and inflation to support still more leaps into social engineering at home and appeasement abroad—the kind of policies that have brought fiscal insolvency and social resentment to America and Vietnam-type warfare practically to our borders.

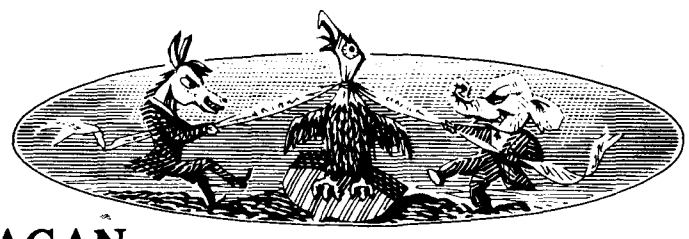
Experience has taught McGovern and the faithful to change their labels but not their catastrophic principles. A few days before the Soviet attack on KAL 7 he told a *Washington Post* reporter that Ronald Reagan is dangerous, but "we ought to be very thankful that this man Andropov seems to be a reasonable guy and somewhat restrained." Two weeks later, 269 innocents now dead at sea and the Soviets having once again shown that they are one of the most dangerous regimes in history, McGovern was blubbering at his announcement ceremony that the slaughter "underscores the folly of the present cold war tension." He would cut military spending, throttle Israel, embrace Castro, and avoid interfering with the "revolutionary currents" abroad.

Why is he running, the pundits were asking last month, perhaps sensing the indignity of it all, the futility, the emptiness of the man and his cause. Their expectations were melodramatic, psychoanalytical, and steeped in orphic gibbering. The fact is that he is running because he has celebrity, and that is quite enough in this glorious age to be thought of as qualifed to labor in Lincoln's house.

Witness the absurd incense now being burnt around the name Jesse Jackson. Dignity, civic virtue, an understanding of history and of the historic purpose of politics are not requisites for high office in America. Name recognition and a familiarity with the buzz words of the celebrity circuit are quite enough. Once in office, leave the business of government to aides and to bureaucrats, and continue to solemnize pishposh. That is the present condition of the Founding Fathers' bequest. McGovern gets whoops and applause with such stuff as "it is better for old men to lose their tempers at the conference table than for young men to lose their lives on the battlefield." Agreed.

Celebrity was Glenn's original asset. He had never shown any marks of statesmanship before he entered the Senate, and he has hardly shown any since. Yet now Glenn has another asset that in combination with his fame might get him past the fanatics of a Democratic convention. He is boring. He just might sneak through a snoozing assemblage. Which leaves us with the question, is candidate Glenn boring because he is empty of the old virtues of the statesman? Today's political giants do not really care. Only history cares, and by the time history has answered the question it will be too late for us. □

# CAPITOL IDEAS



## THE TROUBLE WITH REAGAN

by Tom Bethell

I see that Mark Shields, my favorite liberal columnist, has predicted in the *Washington Post* that President Reagan will not run for re-election. Heaven knows whether this will prove correct, but I must say I won't be greatly disappointed if Reagan in fact does call it quits within the next month or so. He's a nice enough fellow, of course, and in many respects he has turned out to be a good President, certainly a great improvement over his recent predecessors, but in other respects he has also been comparatively ineffectual. The point I would make to conservatives is that if Reagan does not have a second term it may be no bad thing, even if we have to put up with someone like Walter Mondale or John Glenn instead.

On one point I very much agree with Mark Shields: "A second term could very well be both a personal and political letdown for the President." It would be surprising if this were *not* true. Reagan, at this writing, with a little over a year to go before the next election, has been a fairly successful President. In a backhanded way even his sworn enemies in the news media have had to admit as much. Mary McGrory has acknowledged his "seemingly indestructible nice guy image." Steven Weisman, the left-wing reporter who covers the White House for the *New York Times,* publicly acknowledged his own political mission to a *New Republic* writer: Reagan was a "frustrating quarry," Weisman conceded. Lou Cannon, the *Washington Post*'s component of the media Praetorian Guard that surrounds Reagan, ineptly but revealingly commented that Reagan has had "a fairer press than he deserves." Reagan today could quit while he's ahead, and receive not only a still fairer press but something like a hero's ovation on his return to the ranch.

On the other hand, if he does run again he will quite likely win; especially if the Democrats nominate the dreary Mondale, or any other of the leftist pack—Cranston, McGovern, Hart, and increasingly Hollings. Even John Glenn, whose position on the issues today is in most respects to the left of McGovern in 1972 (abortion, affirmative action, overall level of government taxing and spending), would probably turn out to be no match for Reagan. Senator Glenn will soon get the full media-searchlight treatment and at that point we'll all find out what a dull dog he is. So yes, if Reagan runs he wins.

Then what? There is likely to be a deterioration in his second term. At the outset there will be sizable social security tax increases, which will soon provoke one more crisis in the social security system itself. No doubt Reagan will be pushed into raising taxes elsewhere, to close a deficit which everyone will be calling "frightening." Abroad he could well encounter difficulties that will make his first term seem smooth sailing by comparison. In fact I am beginning to think that he'll be lucky to reach the next election without a major war on his hands in the Middle East: we already have a minor one. As we can now see, Reagan made a mistake by putting the Marines into Lebanon just as the Israelis were on the verge of victory; and putting them there, unless I'm much mistaken, with the unstated purpose of preventing just such a victory.

In Lebanon Reagan kowtowed, perhaps fatally, to that deplorable coalition of Moderate Pragmatists and consensus types who are hypnotized by negotiations and who really do seem to believe, against all evidence, that international relations are mediated by pieces of paper which occasionally need to be reworded: all that Philip Habib-Special Envoy nonsense—scurrying about from capital to capital in the futile belief that changing a few commas and dependent clauses will keep the safety catches on the triggers. We laugh now at Neville Chamberlain coming back from Munich with his pathetic piece of paper from Hitler, but we are in very much the same position today, with no Churchill that I can see. The trouble with the Moderate Pragmatists—and one thinks of Joseph Kraft and James Reston as their quintessential spokesmen—is that they think the world is ruled by people as devoid of passion as they are. For a while I thought, quite mistakenly, that Khomeini had undermined these illusions. Reagan, I fear, will pay a price for

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submitting to this misguided counsel.

Another big problem that Reagan has is the Republican party generally. You only have to think of Bob Dole to know what I refer to: the willingness, or perhaps better eagerness, to sacrifice principle at the altar of social respectability. In 1980, it appeared that this wing of the Republican party was in decline. But it has reasserted itself strongly. Here again, Reagan made the extraordinary decision to surround himself with aides who never did have the first idea what it was that Reagan stood for, ran for, and was elected to accomplish. James Baker, David Gergen, and the other members of that sorry crew have been trained to respond dutifully to the signals sent out by the Moderate Consensus ("Reduce the Deficit!") and that is what they think Reagan should do, too.

The trouble with all these buttoned-down, buttoned-up Republicans is that they do not think of themselves or the Republican party as having any real mandate to rule or even moral legitimacy. They think of themselves as existing on sufferance, courtesy only of the powers-that-be in Washington and New York. They have this uneasy suspicion that Katharine Graham and "Punch" Sulzberger could have them sent back home at any minute, just as Nixon was sent home. But they know also that as long as they don't try to change anything, e.g., cut government spending, reduce taxes, or anything else "extreme," then the *Washington Post,* the Democrats, and the liberal pressure groups won't make too much noise and they'll be permitted to stay in Washington. The result is that Reagan has not accomplished much that I'm aware of. Spending as a percentage of GNP has risen considerably, tax rates on earned income have actually increased (called an "enormous three-year 25 percent tax cut" by the misinformed Peter Kilborn in the *Times*), social security taxes have increased, and no deregulatory efforts have succeeded, with the exception of the oil price, which was initiated by Jimmy Carter.

The Democrats, for all their faults, do not think along these deferential lines. They think of themselves as the Governing Party—with permission to change the system. If a Democrat is elected in 1985 he will undoubtedly make such changes—some of them for the worse, but others possibly for the better. Clearly if we are to move to a flat-rate tax code or to one that is less anti-family, only the Democrats will be able to implement it. The Democrats have had one scare in the past few years: the Republicans, thanks only to the supply-siders and to the fact that Reagan was receptive to their arguments, have taken the tax-cut initiative away from them. A future Democratic administration would almost certainly try to wrest this initiative back. (It is significant that the only real income tax cut of the Reagan years, the reduction of the top rate from 70 to 50 percent, was proposed by a Democratic congressman. The Republicans didn't know they had permission to do it.)

In exactly the same way, Democrats are likely to be more self-confident internationally than Republicans. As was said many times following the shooting down of the Korean airliner, at least Jimmy Carter did *something* following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Reagan, by contrast, took the position that it wasn't necessary for him to do anything because his earlier view—that the Soviet Union is an "evil empire"—had been vindicated. In a way he may have been right not to do much after the event. But his vindicated judgment of the Soviets raises the more serious question of


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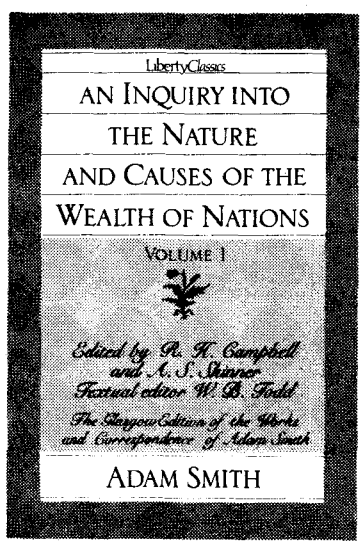
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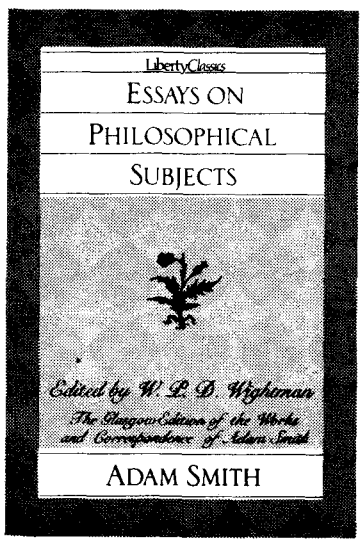


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why he was doing so much *with* them before the event. Why negotiate with, send grain to, and ratify human rights agreements with an evil empire? As a friend who works in the White House put it to me: if you hire someone believing that he is a thief, and you then catch him in the act of stealing, it is absurd to say: "Well, I feel vindicated because I always said he was a thief." Your critics might reasonably ask why you hired him at all.

I feel the same way about Reagan's dealings with the evil empire. We can expect not only that there will be more red-handed episodes in the future, but that they will, if anything, be more frequent because Reagan's reaction seems to recognize a kind of double jeopardy. Since the Soviets have already been tried and found guilty once, they cannot be brought to trial again. Carl Rowan, columnist and Democrat, pointed out that this is bound to produce an increased fear of the Soviets worldwide.

As I see it, Reagan came to Washington with one great strength, but he has since revealed a serious weakness. His strength was that he was guided by an overall philosophy of government: it should be kept as small as possible. Notice that Reagan's enemies immediately directed their most sustained and effective firepower at this strength—calling it "simplistic" and "ideological."

This philosophy has enabled Reagan to arrive at sensible decisions without having to study too much fine print. The best thing one heard about Reagan was that he didn't stay in the Oval Office until all hours, studying position papers. In this he differed markedly from his predecessor, who believed that the path of wisdom could be discerned by studying the expert, if conflicting, advice of specialists. But it is in the nature of expert advice that this is not the case. In the end Carter failed because he didn't know what to do half the time, and he didn't know because he hadn't really thought about the problems of government before he arrived in Washington. (He came armed with a few ineffectual bromides: government should be "more efficient," "as good as the people," "not wasteful," etc.) Reagan, by contrast, *had* given the matter some thought.

Unfortunately, Reagan has also allowed his main strength to be eroded by an undeniable weakness: his desire to be popular. I think this is a serious flaw in a political leader, as it is in a schoolmaster. (Menachem Begin conspicuously lacked this defect, and I at any rate admired him for it.) It really distresses Reagan that he is not universally regarded as the nice guy he actually is. So he has shifted his position constantly, in the vain hope that his critics will finally applaud him. Reagan, no doubt, deeply wants to be President of *all* the people, but he does not seem to understand that his enemies now embrace a philosophy of government —call it an ideology—which pits one group of citizens against another in a constant clash of rival groups claiming victim status and entitlement at the expense of one another. Instead of facing up to the logical certainty that it is impossible to satisfy all such groups, he has sought to mollify the noisiest—people like Barbara Honegger.

A man who wants to be popular cannot preside over a government that uses coercion to assist one group of citizens at the expense of another. There was a time when you could be both presidential and popular. But that was back in the days when the government used its power to *prevent* one group of citizens from coercing others. Now the umpire has joined the game. As a player, he must decide which team to join, because obviously he cannot join both. □


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# IS SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS DEAD?

A Symposium.

*As* tout le monde *must know by now, I like Ronald Reagan. Anyone who can remain debonair while a bullet burns beside his heart is* American Spectator *material. Our President is for liberty. He views the world without flinching and is duly amused. Even the vapors of idealism pungent in his nostrils are no cause for alarm; the ideals are generally benign. In fine, I see in him but one shortcoming. He lives in a large White House in a generally run-down neighborhood, miles and miles removed from those purlieus where normal middle-class Americans dwell; and then some jackass had to put spotlights on his lawn. Naturally, while living under such circumstances it is hard to stay in touch with the rest of us. Our President has done better than most of his predecessors, but I expect that after nearly three years at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue Ronald Reagan is finding it ever harder to keep up with what the rest of us think. You just do not encounter a lot of normal people in his line of work.*

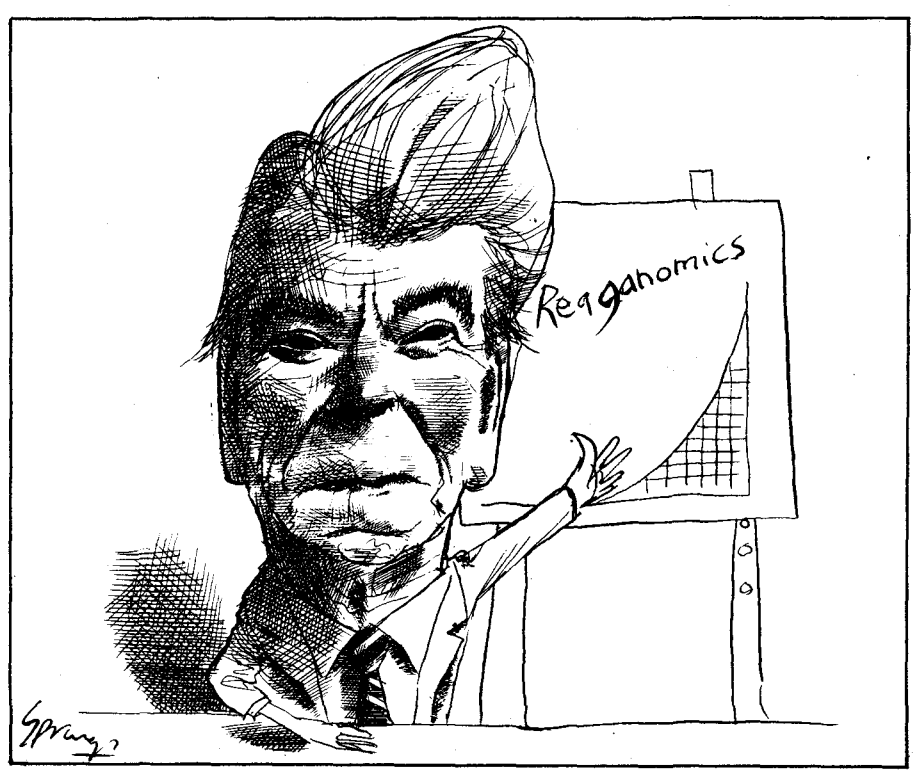
*You do encounter a lot of magicians, and one of the great magic acts of the past three years was to turn something as sensible as supply-side economics into a monster and then to make the thing evaporate just as the economy revived—hesto presto, supply-side economics had vanished from the public discourse. As I tap out these lines Martin Feldstein, the President's chief economic adviser, has raised his estimate of our economic growth for this year to 6.5 percent, up from his predictions of 5.5 percent in July and 3.1 percent in January. Well, is supply-side economics dead? More importantly, has Ronald Reagan been persuaded that supply-side economics is dead?*

*Three years ago fatalism and pessimism hung over Washington, encouraging the refrain that had become the anthem of the Carter Administration, "There Is Nothing That Can Be Done About It." When smiling Ron and the supply-siders arrived they brought hope supported not by arcanum and charts but by good sense. Today, somehow, the fatalism and pessimism remain heavy in the air. Were the supply-siders wrong? Or is it that our fatalists are so isolated in the public sector that they are insentient to the rising and falling tides of prosperity? The following writers have taken oaths to supply us with some answers. Now you and I and the President can decide for ourselves whether supply-side economics is dead.*

—RET

## MARTIN ANDERSON

Is supply-side economics dead? I find this a curious question because what it implies is so much at variance with what is. To an increasing number of people, supply-side economics represents a bold, *new* economic approach that was fully implemented by the Reagan Administration, a new chapter in economic policy that we can now evaluate before deciding whether or not to continue. The mythology of supply-side economics is powerful.




Unfortunately for the myth, what is believed to be new is very old economic theory and very little of what the theory called for was actually done. The essence of supply-side economics is that marginal tax rates have a powerful effect on people's work effort and hence on the amount of taxable revenue they produce. The size of that effect depends on what marginal tax rate you start with, how much you reduce it, and how long you wait for the results. This has been a well known, integral part of economic theory for a long, long time. It is clear that if tax rates are high to start with and you cut them substantially, and then wait for the results to be felt, you can reduce tax rates and the increase in taxable revenue will make up for part of the taxes lost through the rate reduction. In some cases, the historical evidence shows that taxes flowing into government's coffers could actually increase as a result of a decrease in tax rates.

Many people, especially those ignorant of the subtleties of economic theory, came to interpret this as a claim for a magic cure for our economic ills: that is, if you cut tax rates enough, government revenue would instantly increase and we could have more spending for social programs and national defense. This parody of the theory often passed for the real thing—and was not actively discouraged by a very small number of people who were gaining a reputation as "supply-siders."

The idea that supply-side economics would provide an instant, large increase in government tax revenue by reducing tax rates was simply not true to begin with, so it is not too surprising that it did not occur.

The idea that supply-side economics was something new, while fun to write about, also was not true. Even economists of modest attainments have known that marginal tax rates, when they move up and down, affect people's behavior.

The idea that President Reagan reduced tax rates dramatically, thus providing a real life test of supply-side economics once again, is even more widely held but just as wrong as the preceding two ideas. Personal income tax rates and business tax rates were reduced, but other tax rates, such as social security and state and local tax rates, increased, and the constant push of inflation shoved many of us into higher marginal tax brackets. The net result was essentially a wash. The bad news was that taxes did not go down; the good news was that taxes did not go up.

If a substantial tax rate cut is the heart of supply-side economics, it has yet to be tried.



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What was tried was simply a halt in the seemingly inexorable increase of tax rates over the past several decades. And that seems to have had some quite salutary results. Inflation and interest rates are down sharply, the value of the dollar is up, unemployment is finally beginning to ease, and real economic growth is positive and strong.

If simply stopping the increase in tax rates, while continuing to run massive deficits, can produce these kinds of results over a fairly short period, think what we could accomplish if we controlled the growth in federal spending so that the deficit were eliminated, actually cut the overall tax rate, and then held to those policies for enough years so that people would believe we were serious.

---

*Martin Anderson is a Senior Fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

## FRED BARNES

Ask yourself how many candidates for Congress in closely contested races next year are going to bill themselves as supply-siders. Not many, I'd guess, and maybe none. That ought to tell you something, namely that it isn't good politics to be linked to supply-side economics. Or at least it's not good to be linked to the name; supply-side is now an epithet. People tend to associate supply-side economics with the recession, which was long and deep and painful, and with deficits, which are enormous. Granted, this isn't a totally fair-minded assessment of supply-side economics. It's breathtakingly superficial, but most people have no deeper an understanding of economics than that. They get to vote anyway. They know what seems to help or hurt. If the recovery stays strong and endures for a few years, perhaps folks will change their minds and credit supply-side economics. But probably not. At best, they may judge part of the supply-side program to have worked—the tax cut side. Even some liberal Democrats realize there is something to tax cutting. They are wise enough not to call it supply-side.

But there is more to supply-side economics than tax cutting. There is, for instance, the puzzling matter of monetary policy. I never figured out what a supply-side monetary policy is. Is it a gold standard? Not necessarily. Is it fixed exchange rates? Some, but by no means all, think so. Is it easy money, as some enemies of the supply-side movement now claim? Or is it restrained growth of the money supply? Some supply-siders—I can think of particular individuals in the Reagan Administration—said slow, measured growth was what they wanted. In other words, tight money. It would knock down the rate of inflation, while the tax cuts would stimulate a burst of economic growth. Certainly that was the official policy of the Reagan Administration. The Federal Reserve tried to go along on the monetary front and look what happened. A recession, the political effects of which should not be underestimated. Sure, you can blame the Fed for implementing the policy poorly, for allowing wild gyrations in money growth. Still, the pursuit of tight money, favored by at least a faction of supply-siders, was the ultimate source of the problem.

I'm stopping short of saying that supply-side economics was done in by its own monetary policy; many wouldn't be so hesitant. At a minimum, monetary policy critically wounded supply-side economics. And overpromising by supply-siders didn't help. I know: a lot of the inflated talk about instant nirvana was simply to get the tax cut through Congress in 1981. Just political rhetoric of the sort that accompanies the push for any sort of legislation. The whole world was watching once the bill passed, however, and what happened instantly was a recession, not a boom. True, delaying and backloading the tax cut—not 10 percent on January 1, 1981, but 5 percent nine months later—may have abetted the recession, but I've never bought the argument that the recession would have been averted if the original 10-10-10 cut had gone into effect as initially scheduled. The monetary crunch was just too much.

The fallout from supply-side isn't all bad, though. The ill effect of high marginal tax rates, indeed the whole debate about incentives and disincentives, was foisted on the national agenda by supply-siders. And you only have to listen to Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey, a liberal Democrat, to know that this has had some lasting impact. He has all the supply-side jargon down pat, and his bill dropping the top rate to 30 percent is better than anything the White House is proposing these days. Bradley's bill would eliminate most shelters along with lowering the rate, which is a reasonable tradeoff. Supply-siders should have thought of that. His embrace of supply-side thinking is proof that the supply-side dream hasn't died. It's just going under a new name.

---

*Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the* Baltimore Sun.

## ROBERT BARTLEY

Is supply-side economics dead? What an absurd question. Everyone knows that we are now in the worst economic predicament since 1929. There is not a soul in the land that doesn't long to return to the days before any supply-side experiment, back when inflation was only 14 percent and the prime rate only 20 percent. Three years after the Reagan inauguration, and a year after the first net tax cuts in the President's phased-in program, inflation may be contained, and production may be rising. But, horrors, the statistical yardsticks are awry. The dread deficit has turned structural. M-whatever is not on target. And the balance of trade shows that foreigners are shipping us goods and services in return for mere paper. What is one to believe, the economists' doodlings, or what is actually happening in the real and financial sectors? Why, if supply-side economics were not dead, we would have to send all the conventional economists back to their drawing boards.

---

*Robert Bartley is Editor of the* Wall Street Journal.

## TOM BETHELL

Supply-side economics, which promised tax cuts, a restoration of incentives, and decentralized decision-making, came under attack from the liberal-left almost as soon as it emerged in the newspapers, beginning in 1979. It is a hallmark of leftist ideology today that it always wears the cloak of pragmatism: for one reason or another the idea under attack is found to be currently inappropriate, unworkable at the present time, and so on. You know for sure that this apparently cautious advice is ideological, not pragmatic, when the rationale shifts but the policy outcome remains the same.

Here is just one illustration of the way the anti-supply-side argument ran almost three years ago. In January 1981, Tom Wicker wrote a column in which he used comments by House Budget Committee chairman James R. Jones as ammunition against the Kemp-Roth tax-rate reductions then under discussion. Jones's "gravest fear," Wicker wrote, "is that Kemp-Roth would further drive up interest rates because the credit markets and the Federal Reserve would take it as a signal that the new Administration was no more serious about ---------- ---------- than the old one was."

Quiz time: fill in the two missing words.

If you put "budget deficits" or "reducing deficits" you go to the bottom of the class. The correct answer is "fighting inflation." Well of course after the tax cut went into effect inflation went down. But that didn't matter because what the liberal-left dreaded was not inflation but tax cuts. As soon as the inflation rate began to drop, those who had been shedding crocodile tears on behalf of stable money retired to the dressing room and emerged quite implausibly garbed as old-fashioned fiscal conservatives: Oh dear me, they now said, taxes must be restored because of the "frightening" budget deficits. This refrain we still hear today, and we will continue hearing it until next year's indexing of the income tax brackets is rescinded.

Supply-side economics was and is



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unpopular among the left-liberal intelligentsia because it restored the topic of incentives to economic discourse. In the Keynesian Era incentives weren't mentioned. All was "equilibrium": the economy was a system of ducts, pipes, locks, dams, and canals through which the liquidity of national income flowed. Sometimes there was a problem and pumps had to be primed. Did someone mention motives, incentives, and desires? My God man, this was the twentieth century! Everything was planned and scientific. Hadn't one heard?

Leftists wanted economics without incentives because in their worldview people were supposed to resemble ants—willing to work for the collective. In the anthill there was no "greed." Greed is what they called wanting to keep your *own* property. (Thomas Aquinas thought it meant wanting other people's property.) So the lefties were intensely irritated by the restoration of all this talk about incentives. Hobart Rowen and others did their best to rid themselves of the specter haunting economics, the specter of incentives, by calling it an untested theory. More recently, the *New York Times* editorial writer Peter Passell has dropped the ideological camouflage and disclosed his true animus by calling supply-side economics a "rationalization for greed."

The record will probably show that in Reagan's term of office, 1981-84, tax rates were scarcely if at all reduced, except in the "unearned income" bracket. All Reagan did was stop the rates from rising. It will take Democrats to lower tax rates. Still, supply-side economics, enacted only to a minor extent, has proved to be a moderate success. Income tax rates are now, and will continue to be, the crucial determinant of economic rise and fall.

Supply-side economics says that if you increase the return on effort and reduce the return on leisure then people will increase their work and reduce their leisure. This has been true for thousands of years and it will remain true in the future—unless men suddenly adopt the mentality of ants, bees, or termites. It is safe to say this is not going to happen, so we can conclude that supply-side economics has a secure future, although it will no doubt be called something else in the years ahead.

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## WARREN T. BROOKES

Liberal Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis has a penchant for telling political whoppers that belie his vaunted personal integrity. Last year, he made points by arguing that "Reaganomics is taking this state's economy apart job by job!" And his knockout punch was calling conservative Democrat Ed King, his Primary opponent, "Ronald Reagan's favorite governor." Now, both the state and, presumably, Dukakis understand why.

For nearly 26 months, once impoverished Massachusetts has been enjoying the lowest unemployment of any major state. In July, when the national unemployment rate dropped from 10.0 percent to 9.5 percent, Massachusetts dropped from 6.9 percent to 5.9 percent, nearly 40 percent below the nation. In August, that rate dipped again to 5.8 percent. The nearest major state is Texas with 7.8 percent unemployment.

In fact, Massachusetts is now employing almost 64 percent of its adult (over 16) population. Not only is this an all-time record for the state, it is a record for the nation. The highest figure ever reached by the U.S. was 59.8 percent, and the best Japan has ever done is something like 55 percent.

To put it bluntly, Massachusetts may well be the best performing state economy in the world. On September 5, ABC called it "the strongest industrial state economy in the nation."

What is galling to Dukakis is that all of this took place well before his first new budget took effect. He (and we) know that since 1979, under Ed King, no other major state economy has more strenuously pursued the Reagan supply-side policies, cutting taxes, curtailing bureaucracy and welfare, slashing regulations—and the results have been positively stunning.

Not only was the August unemployment rate the lowest in the nation, it was actually a half-point better, in the midst of a national recession, than the 6.4 percent rate which Michael Dukakis left to Ed King during the national economic boom year of 1978, and 2 points lower than the 7.8 percent Dukakis averaged in his first term (1975-78) when Massachusetts was consistently the worst state economy!

In fact, Massachusetts' total employment in August 1983 was almost 180,000 higher at 2,832,000 than the 2,653,000 who were at work in August 1978. There were 7,000 fewer Massachusetts unemployed in the 1983 "Reaganomics Recession" than in the 1978 "Carter Boom." All this, mind you, in spite of a 35,000 drop in state and local government employment from 1980-83.

To add insult to injustice, on Tuesday, September 6, Dukakis learned that Massachusetts per-capita personal income was now up to tenth highest in the nation, at 109 percent of the national figure, six points higher than the 103 percent figure which he had left to Ed King in 1978, the weakest in two decades.

Liberal apologists ascribe all this "good luck" to the "high tech" boom, as if that were a fairly recent and wholly exogenous event. Not true. The strongest Massachusetts employment growth since 1981 has actually been in non-high-tech jobs, while high-tech itself has been mired in a minor slump.

Furthermore, Massachusetts has been a high-tech state since the early 1950s, when Route 128 was already known as "high-tech highway."

Massachusetts was also a high-tech state in 1975 when, in the previous recession, its unemployment of 11.3 percent was the worst of any state, and in 1978 when its personal income growth was third-worst in the nation and its employment growth was only 60 percent of the national average.

Finally, today, other high-tech states—California, North Carolina, Texas, and New York—are performing far less effectively than Massachusetts. So high tech alone has not been a panacea.

What, then, accounts for Massachusetts' extraordinary good economic health? There is only one plausible answer: its changing tax climate.

Between 1970 and 1978, under liberals Sargent and Dukakis, the Massachusetts tax burden grew from twenty-eighth to fifth highest in the nation, rising from 14.2 percent of personal income in 1970 to 17.5 percent in 1978, and from 3 percent below the national average to 11 percent above.

Since 1978, with the help both of the King administration's tax and spending caps and Proposition 2½, the Massachusetts tax burden has fallen dramatically. As of fiscal 1982-83, it stood at 14.4 percent, a full point below the national average that has stabilized at 15.5 percent. Not surprisingly, just as our income in Massachusetts had plummeted in the face of a rising tax burden, so our income has soared as the tax burden waned, and by 1982 was back up to 109 percent of the national average. We hadn't been that high since 1972. The Laffer Curve lives.

Dukakis knows all this, and so far he has been fortunate that the vicious and successful public outrage at his bloated first budget (which contained 3,000 new state jobs) and his aborted April 4 attempt to water down Proposition 2½ have forced him to "stay" King's basic supply-side course.

Cheer up, Mike. To paraphrase Richard Nixon in 1972, "we are all supply-siders now." Just relax and enjoy it.

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## JOHN BURTON

Supply-side economics is Janus-faced. It has one face grounded in economic wisdom, and another based on a combination of dangerous optimism and political marketing.

The positive sense in supply-side

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thinking is the renewed emphasis that it has given to the structure of *incentives* in the economy and to their long-term significance in generating economic growth: the incentives to work, save, invest, invent, and to act entrepreneurially.

The importance of incentives in motivating the supply-side of the economy was neglected during the drowsy heyday of Keynesianism. Understanding of the classical liberal principle that people will provide goods and services only if given the incentive to do so was then replaced with the belief that government could conjure up growth and employment by injections of demand into the economy, via fiscal and monetary policy. This Keynesian precept was only ever true of the short run. In the long term, growth can be achieved only if the incentives for economic dynamism are sufficient. This principle required reasserting, if growth was to be resumed in the West. The supply-siders have been most vocal in this process of reasserting the classical principle.

The actual application of supply-side economics in U.S. tax policy was, however, a half-hearted one at best. The Reagan tax cuts can be viewed in large measure as an imperfect attempt to offset social security tax hikes and bracket creep rather than thorough-going supply-side policy. The supply-siders such as Arthur Laffer are also surely right in depicting the 1981 changes in depreciation and leasing rules as a quite inadequate implementation of their prescriptions.

The nonsense aspects of supply-side economics arise from the willingness of the supply-siders to forego sound economic principles in the interests of political acceptability. On the basis of the Laffer Curve they argued that it would not be necessary to bite the bullet of reining back government spending. Cuts in tax rates would raise total tax revenues, so that there need be no fear of a ballooning deficit, or of the need to tackle government overspending. This was pleasant for the President to hear; but it was wrong. The level of government spending needed to be cut, and significantly.

Supply-side economics will not die because it contains a core of economic truth that will be preserved in economic thought if not in actual policy. The political oversell elements of the package, however, need to be exorcised if the whole is not to be brought into public disrepute.

Without a serious reining back of government spending in the U.S., the economic recovery now proceeding is likely in time to be choked off. Either taxes will have to rise, putting supply-side economics policy into reverse; or the deficit will be financed by recourse to money expansion and inflation or by heavier sales of government bonds leading to higher interest rates.

The excessive level of government spending is to be attributed only in part to the President's attempt to rebuild America's defense forces. A more fundamental factor, to which the *Washington Post* has called attention, has been the system of fiscal dependency which Congress has built for itself since the early 1970s, in which process broad classes of American society have been transformed into clients of congressional munificence (with other people's earnings).

This federal overspending system is the Achilles' heel of Ronald Reagan's muted experiment in supply-side economics.

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**MALCOLM S. FORBES, JR.**

Supply-side economics boils down to one thing: incentive—making it worthwhile for people to produce more, to innovate more, to save more. It is simply a new name for old principles that have worked well in the past.

To get proper incentive you need:

- a stable dollar—something we don't have today and won't get as long as we continue present monetary policy.
- a tax code that rewards and encourages success rather than punishes it.
- a regulatory environment that is not hostile to or biased against the private sector.
- a government learning to live within its means without crushing the taxpayer with taxes.
- and it means, since we live in a world economy, international stability. This, of course, boils down to American political and military strength.

The desire of people to get ahead isn't dead. What's dead is the intellectual vitality of the economics profession. Most members of this priesthood are intellectual dinosaurs. In public life, we have too few political leaders wise enough to ignore, to go beyond, the dead-end advice economic "experts" have been proffering for years with increasingly deleterious results.

Why is there such skepticism about old-fashioned incentive, what some call supply-side economics? The immediate reason is that until recently the Reagan program looked like a flop. The ballyhooed tax cuts of 1981 were followed by a bust instead of a boom. The economy underwent its worst contraction in half a century. The stock market sank and interest rates reached catastrophic levels. Instead of a balanced budget, we got record deficits.

The reasons for that less-than-stellar debut are simple. The first is the disarray in monetary policy, which boils down to how much money the Federal Reserve decides to print. Volcker squeezed too hard, too long. Dr. Reagan was giving the patient good medicine but Dr. Volcker was putting his thumb on the patient's windpipe. (The real question on monetary policy is whether the Federal Reserve's current operating procedures are adequate to do the job of creating a stable dollar. They aren't and haven't been since we destroyed the gold-based Bretton Woods international monetary system in the late 1960s.)

Another factor: for most people, the tax cuts were overwhelmed by inflation, even though it was declining, and by increased levies to save Social Security, not to mention what politicos were doing to state and local taxes.

Finally, people had expected rapid inflation to go on forever. It took time for businessmen and consumers to adjust to the startling fact that this wasn't so.

But there is a deeper reason for the hostility to supply-side economics. To accept supply-side economics means abandoning long-cherished beliefs. It means unlearning what we learned in our college economics courses. Because of the shattering experience of the Great Depression, we were taught that an economy cannot be left to its own devices, that it won't work without the government's taking an active hand in managing, stimulating, manipulating, or fine-tuning economic activity.

The Depression discredited a lot of worthwhile things. The Mellon tax cuts of the 1920s were portrayed as a giveaway to the rich. Kennedy got away with similar cuts because they were trussed up in Keynesian garb.

We were taught that gold, if it didn't cause the Depression, certainly prolonged the suffering of those years. The gold feature of the post-World War II Bretton Woods international monetary system was cast as an anachronism; we scrapped it in 1968. Yet, by whatever criteria we use, the economic performance after 1968 has been a lot worse than before.

We were told that there is a trade-off between inflation and unemployment, that if you wanted less unemployment, you had to accept more inflation and vice versa. Economists lectured us that inflation-free prosperity was an impossibility.

History has shown—is showing—that most of what the economists told us is wrong. After World War II, we put in sensible rules for money with Bretton Woods. We prevented a re-descent into self-destructive trade wars through the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. The world economy boomed.

The economic miracles in Germany and Japan didn't begin until the two enacted supply-side policies. The same is true of the great American prosperity of the 1960s.

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Then we moved away from supply-side principles and Depression-based theories came to dominate policy-making. Despite the poor record of the past 15 years, our experts cling to this now-obsolete thinking. Their stubbornness is understandable. A wholesale return to incentive economics would discredit most economists. Hell hath no fury like a priesthood scorned.

The basic mistake of supply-siders was putting too much emphasis on the efficacy of tax cuts, too little on the damaging potential of an unhinged, non-gold-based monetary policy. German, Japanese, and American tax cuts worked because Bretton Woods provided a modicum of international financial stability.

Nonetheless, it is astonishing that most of our political leaders haven't grasped supply-side policies. It's as if a businessman were ignoring a lucrative market. Politicos want votes and the public wants economic growth. As the elections of 1980 and 1982 have demonstrated, candidates who espouse the right principles do better than those who don't. The political opportunities are there.

Will Reagan be perspicacious enough to grab them again as he did in 1980?

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## GEORGE GILDER

Remember the summer of 1981? It seemed the answer to a supply-sider's prayer. Not only did the triumph of the Reagan program exceed most expectations—thus assuring the fulfillment of the supply-side vision of the Roaring Eighties to come. Better still, the collapse of the stock market provided us with a once in a lifetime license to steal.

It offered an unparallelled buying opportunity for the investment of our rising royalties and lecture fees. And since many established economists continued to predict a new Great Depression, there was a continuing need to explain our ideas to still baffled audiences of financiers, market analysts, Keynesian economists, reporters, pundits, and others who stood obtusely aside while the market sunk, scores of dazzling new companies emerged, and business prospects, in general, soared.

It is literally true that all the models and resources of conventional economists could not enable them, in 1981 and 1982, to differentiate between the portents of depression and the promise of a supply-side boom. Virtually every prediction by the economic establishment in those years—runaway inflation, permanent stagnation, the death of productivity, tax giveaways to the rich—has proved radically and utterly wrong.

Now two years later in the summer of 1983—with the Roaring Eighties erupting on cue, inflation dying, and the rich paying their highest share of income taxes in 11 years after the drop in the top rate—I am asked to contemplate the possible death of supply-side economics. It is an impossible task. The "Keynesian" economics of aggregate demand and the balanced budget multiplier (higher taxes promote growth and progress) are as intellectually bankrupt and commercially profitable as Jane Fonda, astrology, or the Bermuda Triangle. But supply-side economics cannot die because it is the only economics of growth and progress.

From time to time, of course, the economics of ascetic egalitarianism, of Masoch, Sade, Marx, Galbraith, and Gandhi, will captivate Washington and induce the country to don leather and assemble in macroeconomic aggregates on the corner of Christopher and Gay, with whips, enemas, emetics, price controls, cattle prods, chains, shackles, surtaxes, and other instruments of economic fine-tuning and redistribution. But sooner or later it is noticed by the uninitiated that countries that allow people to get rich do far better by their poor than countries that don't, that redistribution of wealth invariably means its destruction, that technological progress is almost entirely a product of individual creativity, that investment is far better managed by investors than by demagogues, and that any marginal tax rate over 25 percent does not redistribute incomes; it redistributes taxpayers. They move from productive work and investment into real estate finagles, accounting pettifoggery, jurisprudence, yachts, politics, Mercedes, offshore resorts, and Aspen Institute seminars on the unfairness of capitalism.

Someday people will also notice that most of the aggregate numbers used by conventional economists are deeply misleading. Statistical measures of capital formation, for example, even when celebrated by professed supply-siders, comprise an almost meaningless aggregate, in that the quality of investment is vastly more significant than its quantity. The USSR, for example, leads the world in "capital formation." But sad to say for socialism, you can't form capital without capitalists. Even the usual methods of Marxist robbery, seizing the material means of production, are feckless in practice. For the means of production are impotent in creating wealth without the men of production, the entrepreneurs.

These principles are paramount in the economics of growth. All else is the economics of Masoch and Sade, Christopher and Gay, still popular, I hear, among consenting adults (and bamboozled children) in the Ivy League and on Capitol Hill. But please don't tell me it's economics, and above all don't bring it back to the White House.

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## WILLIAM M.H. HAMMETT

Whether or not supply-side economic policies have died, supply-side economics—explorations of the effects of tax policy on revenue—is definitely alive and working.

In a Manhattan Institute book published this fall by Chatham House (*The Supply-Side Solution,* edited by Bruce Bartlett and Timothy Roth) Peter Gutmann supplements the Laffer Curve, dealing with the effect of taxation on the supply of labor and capital, with a "Gutmann Curve," dealing with the effect of taxation on the relative sizes of the legal and subterranean economies. He concludes by pointing out that even when we combine both effects, we cannot predict with certainty whether the U.S. tax system has reached the rate at which cutting taxes will increase tax revenue. What we *can* predict, Professor Gutmann says, is that

> lower tax rates would increase both the potential of the legal economy to produce gross national product and, as a result, the potential of the legal economy to move to higher productivity—something that is very urgently needed. Higher national productivity means in turn that the need for any given level of government expenditure, hence revenues, would diminish.

There is both hard and anecdotal evidence to support the Gutmann Curve. Correlated with bracket creep, the subterranean or underground economy has been growing at explosive rates. It is now estimated conservatively at between $100 billion and $200 billion a year—and an article in the July *International Currency Review* is not so conservative:

> In 1981, Simon and Witte gave a figure of $330 billion, which is the number taken as "correct" by the Senate Committee's staff study—implying that the current level of the underground economy would be of the order of $400 billion.

A growing tax haven "problem" is causing government agencies to consider policies such as forbidding direct air travel to designated tax havens, requiring exit visas from U.S. citizens planning to go there, and disallowing tax deductions for travel to such places, as well as discriminating against international banks that do business there. Since, depending on what list you read, countries as geographically accessible as Canada, Mexico, Austria, and Costa Rica are considered tax havens, and Great Britain and France have enacted commercial secrecy acts that may make them tax havens too, it has become clear that passing laws and regulations can no more stanch the



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flow of American capital overseas than it can stop the growth of the underground economy at home.

The Senate Committee staff study mentioned earlier was issued in February 1983 by the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Committee on Governmental Affairs, and the writer for the July *International Currency Review* had this to say about it:

> . . . there is a tendency to muddle justified disapproval of corruption and abuses, including wholesale laundering of narcotics proceeds through corrupt banking relationships, with the efforts of otherwise honest citizens to protect their wealth, and to keep it out of the clutches of the avaricious agents of an overspending and (many believe) increasingly arrogant state apparatus.

This of course is the point. To the extent that more and more hard-working citizens have lost confidence in the way the United States government seizes and disburses the money they have earned, more and more jobs are being done for cash, more and more items are being sold by peddlers on street corners who keep no records, there is more and more barter, and more and more businessmen and high-income earners, liberals and conservatives alike, are seeking domestic and overseas tax shelters, and refusing to consider that wanting to protect the money one has earned is a crime. That's the real message that supply-side economics has uncovered.

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## JACK KEMP

One measure of an idea's vitality is the number of its imitators. On that ground alone, supply-side economics appears to be pretty lively. Two years ago, liberal Democrats pooh-poohed the notion that you can collect as much revenue at lower rates from a broader tax base as at higher rates from a narrower tax base. They squawked at the idea of cutting the top tax rate from 70 percent to 50 percent. But today, even Walter Mondale has embraced a bill designed to cut the top rate to 30 percent and preserve the distribution of President Reagan's tax cuts—the Bradley-Gephardt plan. Democratic Senator Bill Bradley says that "supply-side economics was right in its conclusion that lower rates do stimulate work, savings and investment." Perhaps this is why critics have to announce the death of supply-side economics so often—the idea simply refuses to die.

In one sense, we are all supply-siders now. No one any longer can seriously doubt that when you tax something you get less of it, and that when you subsidize something you get more of it. Instead of being *about* supply-side microeconomics, most of the important economic controversy today is *among* supply-siders, and it concerns the disorganized state of demand-side macroeconomics. Supply-side neo-Keynesians worry about the deficit, supply-side monetarists worry about the money supply, and "classical" supply-siders put forward the case for fixed exchange rates based on gold. This kind of intellectual ferment hardly typifies a moribund school of thought.

If the implementation of supply-side economics can be faulted, it is for reasons different from those President Reagan's critics usually cite. While they complain the program went too far, in many ways it didn't go far enough. The President's program involved tax incentives, spending restraint, deregulation, and a non-inflationary monetary policy. Almost all brands of supply-siders agreed that tax-rate cutting must be implemented at the same time as anti-inflationary policies, to cushion their effect. Yet the tax cuts were trimmed and delayed until after the monetary brakes were applied, causing a recession; even then, the tax cuts barely matched offsetting tax increases for most taxpayers. Meanwhile, federal spending continued to rise, in large part because of the recession.

Federal Reserve policy has been misguided, too. In my view, the failure to restore stable exchange rates remains a serious threat to long-run growth, which is evident in the squeeze on U.S. export industries caused by the rising exchange value of the dollar.

Nevertheless, the President's opponents can't argue with results. A strong economic recovery has begun, led by the housing and auto industries. The stock and bond market booms have contributed to a $1 trillion increase in the wealth of American families. New stock issues have set a record since the tax cut on capital gains. People are going back to work. And it's interesting that income-tax revenue collections from upper-bracket taxpayers increased when the top tax rate was cut from 70 percent to 50 percent. Those who claimed that the onset of the 1981-82 recession "proved" the failure of President Reagan's program, which had not yet begun, now go to outlandish lengths to "prove" that subsequent economic recovery has nothing to do with his policies. It would be foolish to claim that the original supply-siders were blessed with perfect foresight. But judged by results, we were miles closer to the truth than President Reagan's critics.

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## MELVYN B. KRAUSS

Ronald Reagan came to office as the high priest of supply-side economics. Three years into his first term, however, the high priest has fallen from grace. Social spending and taxes have not been cut as promised; U.S. protectionism is on the rise; deregulation of American business has been short-circuited; and bailouts have become all too frequent for an Administration supposedly dedicated to the principle of market place discipline. Indeed, the Administration's support of the Third World bailout via the IMF may go down as the worst example of its backtracking from original principles.

But just because a high priest falls from grace doesn't mean God is dead. Just like Jacques Brel who turned up alive and well and living in Paris, supply-side economics is alive and well and living in several Third World countries. In particular, there is a great deal of evidence to suggest that in countries following supply-side policies the poor benefit substantially from them—indeed more than when the stated objective of government policy is to promote their cause and increase their incomes. In other words, "trickle-down" works, David Stockman notwithstanding.

One of the more important implications of the Laffer Curve for Third World countries is that a given level of tax revenues is consistent with two different rate levels—a low tax rate and a high one. This implies two strikingly different approaches to government finance: public expenditure financed by economic growth with low tax rates, or by a stagnant economy with high tax rates.

Singapore is an example of a low-tax-rate, capitalist-oriented economy. Its top marginal rate on personal income is 45 percent at $185,185, according to Price Waterhouse; investment income is minimally taxed. India is a high-tax-rate, socialist-oriented economy. Its top marginal rate is 60 percent at $12,000; investment income is severely taxed.

The World Bank reports that from 1960 to 1977 the average annual increase of *public consumption* in Singapore was 9.8 percent, more than twice that of Sweden (public consumption includes public education, hospitals, and health plus public housing—70 percent of Singapore's population lives in public housing); in India, for this same period, the comparable figure was *negative* 0.67 percent. The reason for the disparity was economic growth. Per capita gross national product increased at an average annual rate of 1.3 percent in India between 1960 and 1977. In Singapore the increase was 8.7 percent.

All of the low-tax, high-growth economies in the Pacific Rim had impressive public consumption growth from 1960 to 1977. After Singapore at 9.8 percent came Hong Kong at 8.6 percent (Hong Kong is the low-tax champion of the Third World with a top marginal rate of 15 percent at $20,000), Korea at 6.9, and Taiwan at 4.5. The benefits from low-tax, high-growth policies do

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more than trickle down to the poor—they gush down upon them.

In Africa there is the case of two neighbors—Ghana and the Ivory Coast. Ghana is a socialist, high-tax-rate country, with a top marginal rate of 75 percent at $12,552; the Ivory Coast is capitalist, low-tax-rate, with a top marginal rate of 37.5 percent at $20,922. In Ghana, the average annual growth rate of gross domestic product during the 1960s was 2.1 percent, a figure that fell to 0.4 percent between 1970-1977. During the same periods the Ivory Coast had an annual growth rate of 8 and 6.5 percent. Public consumption in Ghana during these periods grew at an average annual rate of 6.1 and 1.5 percent, by 11.8 and 8.6 percent in the Ivory Coast.

Of course, public consumption is not the only way supply-side growth can help the poor. There is also the effect on private incomes. During the 1960s, Brazil achieved a high rate of economic growth compared to other Third World countries. By the late sixties and early seventies its growth rates approached 10 percent a year. This was the basis of Brazil's widely acclaimed "economic miracle." Who benefited? According to Gary Fields writing in the *American Economic Review,* every income group did, but especially those below the poverty line—their personal income increased at a rate perhaps twice as great as the rate of those above the poverty line. Consequently, the "poverty gap" in Brazil—the amount by which incomes of the poor would have to be raised to bring them to the poverty line—was reduced by 41 percent between 1960 and 1970.

To conclude, the moral justification for a free-market approach to global economic development is that economic growth is the best way to help poor people. The Reagan Administration lost the moral initiative when it let the Democrats outmaneuver it on trickle-down economics. David Stockman's remarks in the *Atlantic* and the Administration's inability to overcome them have reflected a basic lack of sympathy for what supply-side economics is supposed to be about. This is the main reason why Reaganomics has degenerated from a coherent set of policies geared to promote economic growth to a virtual tautology. Anything the Reagan Administration does—and shouldn't do—has become Reaganomics.

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**ARTHUR B. LAFFER**

Action and consequence and the ability to relate the two is the central factor of behavior modification. When attached to a series of rewards and penalties, the ability to relate emerges as incentives and disincentives. With children, the broad process is called "education" whereas, in later life, "political economy" is the appropriate name. A system's ability to gauge the dynamics of an action-reaction sequence in conjunction with incentives and, then, provide proaction determines the degree to which that system achieves success or, in some instances, literally survives.

This constellation of effort-and-reward association provides the underlying rationale for classical economics—now called supply-side economics. Attractive activities, because they furnish the provider with rewards, increase, while unpleasant actions are shunned. In its simplest form, taxes cum subsidies alter individual perceptions of natural attractiveness. When socially useful actions are taxed and socially undesirable activities are subsidized beyond what is natural, behavior will be altered so as to diminish the socially useful and expand the socially undesirable. The more adept the system is at comprehending, the more rapidly and more penetratingly it will accentuate the socially undesirable at the expense of the useful. A government that governs too much thus assures its own extinction, but only with an enormous toll of forfeited weal.

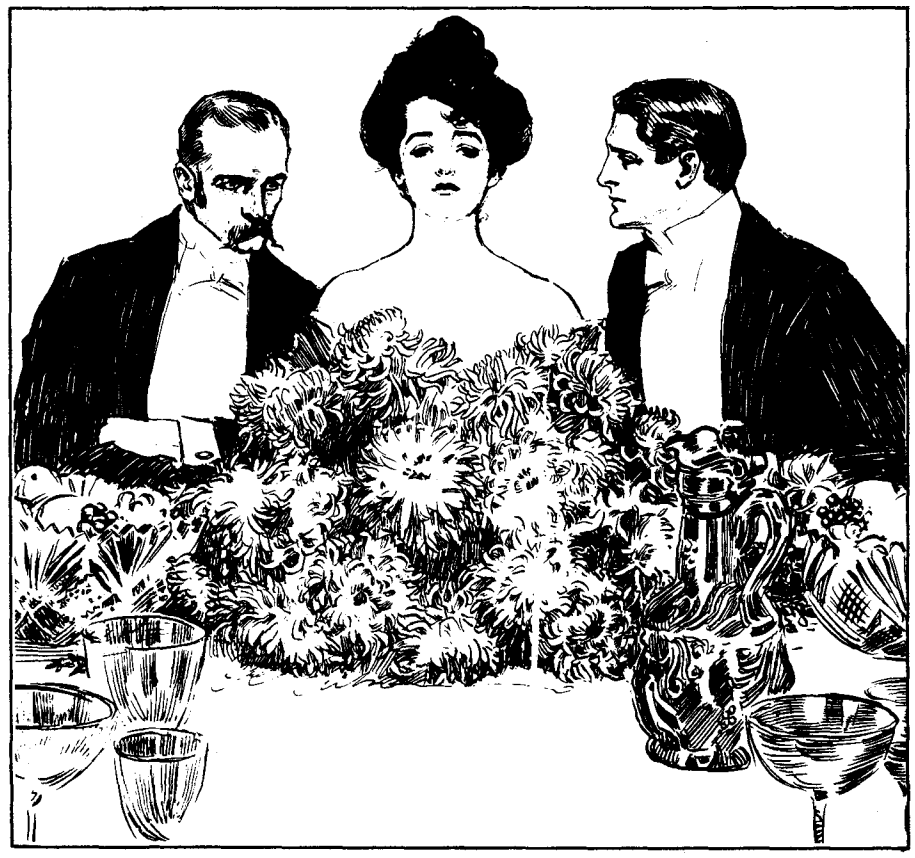
Incentives extend into every aspect of life, in addition to economics. While supply-side activists rightfully point to this, that, or the other distortion, their efforts must, of necessity, be squandered unless they fall on fertile political soil. Excellence must start at the top of the political hierarchy. If excellence is not the norm at the very top, political corruption will guarantee that natural incentives will not survive. These incentives will be altered virtually beyond recognition. A political system that fails to reward politicians in direct accordance with the beneficial aspects of their policies will ultimately become so misshapen as to deny the body politic the bulk of the prosperity that could have been.

Our political system has grown more and more complex. Elected representatives don't understand, let alone read, the legislation upon which they vote. This increasing complexity has caused representative democracy as we know it to collapse under the weight of its outmoded system of misplaced incentives. To reconstruct a viable system of properly placed incentives within the political arena will be the ultimate achievement of supply-siders. Only when political incentives are correctly constituted can one reasonably anticipate consistently good economic policies and a thriving society. Back-and-forth bickering over balanced budgets and the like obfuscates the profound agenda of reestablishing a society where people are held responsible for their own actions and are provided the full authority to alter their circumstances—where government in its most minute aspects is of the people, by the people, and for the people. People do deserve the governments they have, if only they secure the power to control.

People are the sole comprehensive perceivers of the total impact of governmental policies. Who cares more about taxes, the nation's defense, and busing than the people? Surely it's not Tip O'Neill, Ronald Reagan, or the Supreme Court. In a recent 6 to 1 decision, the California Supreme Court denied the California voters the right to vote on a legitimately qualified constitutional amendment. Such outright disregard for the legitimate authority of the people further perverts incentives. Such actions are fortunately a rarity in California and, even in this instance, will probably be dealt with deftly by the electorate at some later date. No person should be disenfranchised from the electorate; nor should the electorate be disenfranchised from governance.

The key to good government is to be found in the rights of the people to referend and amend without obstruction at all levels and in all branches of government. This, then, is the highest item on the supply-side agenda.

*Arthur B. Laffer is the Charles B. Thornton Professor of Business Economics at the University of Southern California and is a member of the Economic Policy Advisory Board to the President.*



**ROBERT D. NOVAK**

The decline of supply-side, both as a catchword and as a political movement, in little more than two years is illustrated by the metamorphosis of Dr. Martin Feldstein. In 1981, as a Harvard economics professor, he was a self-styled supply-sider and an ardent advocate of tax reduction. In 1983, as chairman of President Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers, he rails at supply-side "extremists" and lusts for tax increases.

He is not alone. Those who long ago stopped calling themselves supply-siders and started pressing for tax increases include Rep. James Jones, Dr. Charles Walker, and Lawrence Kudlow, to name only a few. The very words, "supply side," have all but disappeared from the public prints. Purists believe the only bona fide supply-sider inside the Reagan Administration is a middle-level White House aide named Wendell Willkie Gunn, though Dr. Manuel Johnson, an assistant secretary of the Treasury, would seem to pass all but the most stringent purity test. Other names in the Administration do not come easily to hand. The roll call of practicing politicians who not only carry the supply-side banner but flourish might well be exhausted by listing Rep. Jack Kemp and Lewis Lehrman.



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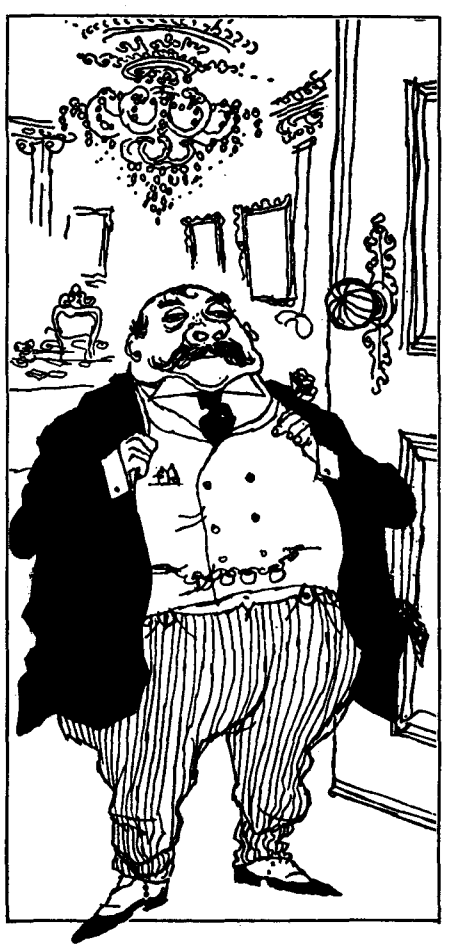
So drastic a thinning of supply-side ranks is accompanied by the indictment and conviction of the 1981 tax cuts for causing the worst recession since the Great Depression. Even Ronald Reagan in his most recent public utterances seems to have lost faith, the prospects for his second-term economic policy moving in an opposite direction. Supply-side, then, would seem to be all but dead, its faddish popularity of two years ago replaced by a tiny elite keeping the flame despite the failure in practice of its policies.

But even if supply-side as a movement has become stagnant, I believe it remains alive and well as the best available means for economic salvation by political leaders courageous and astute enough to seize it. Contrary to the conventional image, the tumultuous economic history of the Reagan Administration affirms the validity of supply-side doctrine. Most important, the nucleus for its revival is not the small circle of priestly true-believers but the intuitive support of the masses. Supply-side strength is inherently populist, not elitist.

Actually, the defection of the political and intellectual elites from supply-side ranks is more apparent than real. The number of bona fide supply-siders among politicians and economists never was substantial. What is a bona fide supply-sider? In fiscal policy, he advocates reduction of marginal tax rates as an incentive to reinvigorate the entrepreneurial spirit and thereby ensure a vigorous economy. In monetary policy, he advocates national and international monetary reform linking the dollar and gold in an anti-inflationary but not deflationary system.



By those standards, apostate supply-siders such as Feldstein, Jones, Walker, and Kudlow were never true supply-siders in the first place, on fiscal much less monetary grounds. In 1981, their advocacy of more generous tax amortization for industry and implicit hostility to marginal tax cuts actually put them in the stance of favoring just another business subsidy. As for monetary policy, these "supply-siders" always supported the elitist notion held by the governors of the Federal Reserve system trying to fine-tune the economy and stabilize the dollar by calibrating the money supply.

At one time, I thought supply-side pioneers Jude Wanniski and Arthur Laffer pedantic for insisting that "hard money" is inseparable from tax reduction. The economic experience of the past three years has convinced me that I was wrong and they were right. The Reagan tax cuts of 1981, though too little and too late, are still responsible for the pace of the current economic recovery. The President's failure to embrace supply-side monetary policy, on the other hand, permitted the Federal Reserve Board-produced recession to persist and now threatens to abort or at least slow the economic recovery.

The conventional wisdom in Washington and on Wall Street is quite the opposite, indicting the tax cuts for the economic turmoil and saluting the Fed's tight money policy for the recovery. Illogical and implausible though that formulation is, Reagan himself seems to have embraced it, and that is the most depressing news for the supply-siders.

Over the past year, I have had the opportunity to question the President at two White House breakfasts with journalists. On February 23 when I asked him about a return to the gold standard that he once advocated, Reagan was unencouraging and said: "There does seem to be more sentiment against it in this modern day than there is for it." On July 29 when I asked him about further tax rate reductions, he indicated he would not be so inclined because of "those deficits out there."

This is by all odds the worst setback suffered by the supply-side movement. Its greatest asset in 1981 was Reagan's enthusiastic support; its greatest liability today is his disaffection. The President's senior aides congratulate themselves on having weaned their chief from a tiny band of wild-eyed fanatics. In truth, it is part of his Administration's turn away from populism and toward elitism. Nobody can convince me as a political reporter that ordinary Americans do not favor lower tax rates. All polls indicate that they also intuitively favor a gold-based dollar, an amazing judgment considering the lack of serious public debate on the subject. Yet, in the face of this public mood, the Reagan Administration seems determined to go into its second term requesting tax increases and defending fiat money more tightly managed by the Fed than ever before.

In that sense, supply-side is not dead but waiting to be revived by such a leader as Ronald Reagan seemed to be. The experience of the past three years clearly points to the program needed for long-term economic recovery. What is needed is the political will to initiate it.

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*Robert D. Novak is a nationally syndicated columnist based in Washington, D.C.*

**ROBERT W. POOLE, JR.**

*Is* supply-side economics dead? To judge by the rhetoric coming out of Washington, one would think so. But rhetoric isn't everything. As Lyndon Johnson used to say, "Watch what we do, not what we say." In fact, much of the debate on taxing and spending is still a response to the supply-siders' agenda.

The basic premise of supply-side economics is that incentives matter. Government has gotten so large and intrusive that it has killed off incentives. Thus, the supply-siders called for a program of cutting the size of government and reducing the incentive-killing aspects of the tax system and federal regulations.

Though hardly a radical agenda by libertarian standards, much of this tax-rate reduction and regulatory reform has actually been put into place. The three-year personal income tax rate reduction has been maintained and next year will see indexing of the tax brackets to preserve those gains. Tens, if not hundreds, of billions of dollars are being saved by individuals and businesses, thanks to reform or elimination of needless federal regulations.

That's all well and good, you may say, but tax cuts and regulatory reform are no longer where the action is. With the housecleaning at EPA, the rescinding of much of the corporate tax cut, and continuing concern over $150-200 billion deficits, hasn't the supply-siders' hour passed?

To judge by the rhetoric, yes. But if you look at the substance of public policy, the answer is a qualified no. The core of supply-side doctrine is that government is the problem, not the solution. What the supply-siders succeeded in doing was to change the focus of debate—away from thinking up new things for government to do and toward controlling the growth of government. And the latter is *still* the focus of much of the debate on Capitol Hill.

To be sure, the share of gross national product consumed by government has climbed several percentage points since Ronald Reagan took office. But this increase is due more to the recession—with the automatic expansion in "entitlement" program recipients—than it is to the growing Pentagon budget. There has been no proliferation of agencies and programs in search of problems these past three years, nor is any in prospect. Instead, the focus of debate is on getting the deficit under control, through some combination of spending cuts and tax increases. And while any tax increase would be regrettable, it's noteworthy that those proposing increases are being forced to consider their adverse effects on economic growth.

In short, the supply-siders have succeeded, to a remarkable degree, in changing the way legislators and commentators think about taxing and spending. It will be a long time before another Jimmy Carter can propose, with a straight face, that jacking up the rates on capital gains is a "tax reform" measure!

A few die-hards are still trying to

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paint supply-side tax cuts as failures. They point to the lack of growth in "capital investment" as evidence that the tax-rate cuts haven't worked. This is special pleading with a vengeance!

In the first place, most of the 1981 corporate tax-rate cuts were rescinded in 1982, giving them very little time to operate. Secondly, aggregate capital investment always declines during recessions, so the past two years' figures should be no surprise. But the most misleading part of this claim is its blind focus on aggregate numbers. Although steel mills, airlines, and coal mines may not have increased their capital spending recently, the growth in venture capital has been unprecedented. Tens of thousands of new firms, many of them in high-tech areas such as bioengineering, portable computers, and robotics, have started up. And this growth in venture capital investment is *directly* traceable to the reduction in *individual* income tax rates pushed through by the supply-siders. While the industries of yesterday may not be renewing their capital, the industries of tomorrow—where the new jobs will come from—are growing by leaps and bounds.

So supply-side is staying alive, both in the public policy arena and in the real world. The sad thing is that Ronald Reagan and David Stockman don't seem to notice. Instead of taking credit for supply-side successes and setting forth a new agenda of privatization and deregulation, they seem content to conduct a holding action, defending the status quo of a conservative welfare state. Just when its success is becoming apparent, supply-side's most important spokesmen in government seem to have abandoned it.

*Robert W. Poole, Jr. is President of the Reason Foundation and Editor-in-Chief of* Reason *magazine.*

### ALAN REYNOLDS

There were always two sides to Reaganomics—a demand side and a supply side. The supply-siders were assigned the task of increasing production, while demand-siders had the job of raising unemployment. From May 18, 1981 to July 1, 1982, the demand-siders were quite successful. The Federal Reserve pursued an unnecessarily nasty credit crunch, driving *down* the prices of farm and industrial materials at a rate that resembled 1932.

The promise of demand-side economists, both Keynesian and monetarist, was that they could *gradually* reduce the growth of nominal GNP (spending) by regulating budget deficits and money supplies. Supply-siders attract such intemperate assault only because they observe that such demand management cannot possibly work. In fact, the "M1" money supply grew at a seemingly adequate 6 percent rate from early 1981 to mid-1982, ending up $5.8 billion *higher* than the Administration's monetarists had originally planned. The "structural" budget also turned quite "stimulative," by Keynesian standards. Yet the global dollar economy fell into a horrible deflationary contraction, with massive liquidation of inventories and assets at distress-sale prices.

An obvious consequence of the Fed's deliberate recession was severe strains on the budgets of governments everywhere, as well as the budgets of private households and firms. Administration officials looked upon this wreckage and decided that the problem was not a shortage of cash, but a shortage of taxes. So taxes were raised in mid-1982 (as in 1932), and plans were made to impose the worst conceivable "contingency taxes" in 1986. This was to "reassure financial markets," which meanwhile had been quite ade-

# The Illuminated Vortex

*Understanding how the in-cylinder flow of the fuel-air mixture is influenced by chamber geometry provides a key to improving engine performance. By applying a laser measurement technique, a researcher at the General Motors Research Laboratories has gained new insight into the behavior of the flow.*

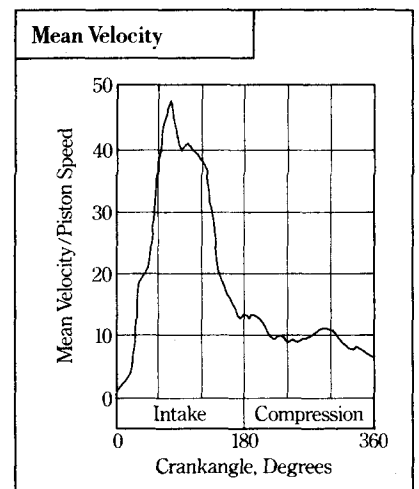
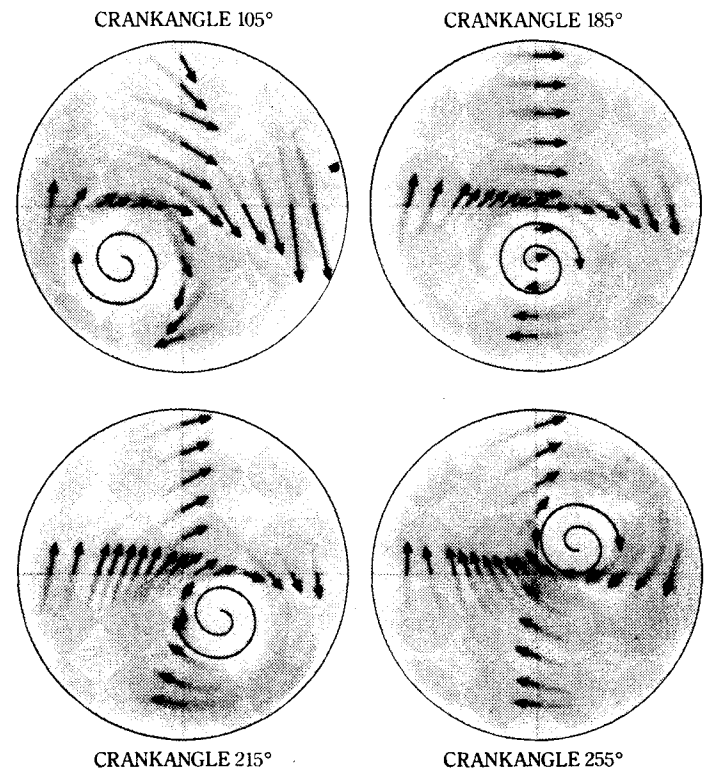



*Figure 1: History of mean velocity at a single engine location.*

*Figure 2: Panoramic view of engine flow patterns. With changing crankangle, the center of rotation precesses from the cylinder's lower left quadrant to its upper right quadrant.*




THE FLUID motions inside engine cylinders have considerable influence over the progress of combustion. Mixing of air and fuel, combustion rate, and heat losses from the cylinder are all important transport processes strongly dependent on fluid motions. The motion inside the cylinder has two components. Mean velocity influences the transport of momentum, energy, and species on a cylinder-wide scale, while the turbulence component influences the same phenomena on a local basis. The in-cylinder flow field depends primarily on the geometry of the cylinder and inlet port. Hence, decisions made in the engine design stage exert a controlling influence over the flow. But before questions about how different geometrical features affect the flow field can be answered, the problem of how to measure the flow must be solved. By applying Laser Doppler Anemometry (LDA), Dr. Rodney Rask, a researcher at the General Motors Research Laboratories, has obtained detailed measurements of the flow field.

LDA is a technique in which two focused laser beams pass into the cylinder through a quartz window. In the minute measuring region where the laser beams cross, a regular pattern of interference fringes is created. As the 1-micron particles, which have been added to the engine inlet flow, cross the measurement region, they scatter light in the bright fringes. In Dr. Rask's LDA system, the scattered light is collected by the same lenses used to focus the laser beam, and measured by a photomultiplier tube. The resulting signal is processed electronically to determine the time it takes a particle to traverse a fixed number of fringes. Since the fringe spacing is a known function of the laser beam crossing angle, this transit time provides a direct measure of velocity.

During operation of the LDA, measurements of velocity as a function of engine rotation (crankangle) are made at a number of locations within the cylinder. The instantaneous velocity at each point must then be separated into mean and turbulence components. The simplest technique is to declare that the mean velocities for all cycles are identical and ensemble average the data. However, this approach ignores the cyclic variation in the mean velocity. Another technique looks at individual cycles and uses a variety of methods, including sophisticated filtering, to split the instantaneous velocity into its components. This



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quately reassured by the apparent shelving of the Friday "money supply" ritual.

Reaganomics now faces the internal competition of Stockmanomics and Feldsteinomics. The new rationale for reviving the old ideas of Hoover Republicans is that flaky estimates of future deficits raise interest rates and also make the dollar too valuable abroad and too cheap at home. These theories have all the scientific standing of the claim that frogs cause warts.

Stockmanomics implies that higher inflation must lower interest rates by reducing the deficit. Feldsteinomics implies that a balanced budget would raise inflation by sinking the dollar. Together, these two leading critics of Reaganomics advocate the policies of Nixon and Carter—ever-increasing tax rates and an ever-weaker dollar. In fairness, such policies *did* briefly reduce budget deficits in 1973-74 and 1978-79, but the result was scarcely the promised reduction of either inflation or interest rates.

The facts ought to be as embarrassing as the theories. In the first two quarters of the 1983 recovery, government borrowing fell from 33 percent to 21 percent of private savings. Yet the press continued to write as though events were moving in the opposite direction, and as though economic expansion was inherently dangerous. Research from the Philadelphia Fed confirms that marginal tax rates were *increased* in 1980-82. Yet the stories continue to blame the blatant failure of demand management in 1980-82 on supply-side tax relief that did not, in fact, occur until January 1983.

On December 2, 1974, President Ford remarked that "we ought to tax the wealthier people . . . to spread the difficulties of a recession and inflation." The hope of classical supply-side economics was to move the Republican party away from that sort of divisive sharing of austerity. Instead, we would lower the tax and regulatory barriers to increased production, while providing a dollar of predictable value, guaranteed in gold. It didn't happen, but still can.

The theory of supply-side economics has lasted more than two centuries, and will doubtless survive the latest scapegoating. Supply-side *policies,* however, have been victorious only when the forces of growth outweighed the political interests in redistributing the "difficulties" arising from destructive policies. Demand-side tinkering with budgets and money has produced only chaos, with its leading practitioners unsure of even the direction of effects from their rusty tools. Supply-side economics may change a bit, in either form or label, but must ultimately triumph from the sheer absence of serious competition.

*Alan Reynolds is Chief Economist for Polyconomics, Inc.*

**PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS**

The establishmentarians that President Reagan hired to run his government have thoroughly mismanaged his economic policy. Back in 1981 when the Fed was collapsing, the economy with one of the tightest monetary policies in the postwar period, David Stockman and Larry Kudlow, the divinity student and the historian who were making economic policy in the Office of Management and Budget, denied that money was tight. So did the Council of Economic Advisers.

When the economy collapsed into recession, the President's policy managers blamed it on high interest rates due to budget deficits that resulted from Reagan's tax cuts. They prescribed a tax increase to "reduce the deficit." Within one quarter after taxes were raised, the deficit doubled.

When the economic recovery that

approach is consistent with the LDA measurements, which clearly show that the mean velocity does not repeat exactly from one engine cycle to the next.

Differences in the flow field from one cycle to the next can seriously compromise engine efficiency. Near the end of the compression stroke, it is important to maintain a consistent velocity at key cylinder locations (e.g., at a spark plug). Dr. Rask's LDA measurements have identified design features that control cyclic variability.

FIGURE 1 shows mean velocity measured at a single location during an engine cycle. High velocity exists during the intake stroke when the inlet flow is rushing through the narrow valve opening. This jet-like flow into the cylinder causes large velocity differences between adjacent cylinder locations and produces strong turbulence. As the end of the intake stroke is approached (180 degrees in Figure 1), the levels of both mean velocity and turbulence drop rapidly. This decrease is a result of the changing boundary conditions for the cylinder—from strong inflow to no inflow. During the compression stroke the flow field evolves, but it undergoes no drastic changes. However, in a high-squish chamber, where the flow is forced into a small bowl in the piston or cylinder head, considerable turbulence is generated near the end of the compression stroke.

Measurements from many cylinder locations are necessary to make the flow field understandable. Figure 2 shows four flow patterns covering a period from near the end of intake into the compression stroke. Note the strong vortical flow, with the center of the vortex away from the cylinder center and precessing with changing crankangle.

By experimenting with geometrical variables, Dr. Rask has gained new understanding of phenomena observed in operating engines. The resulting knowledge has guided the design and development of new engines with a minimum of trial-and-error testing. The LDA findings are also being used to validate and calibrate engine flow computer models under development.

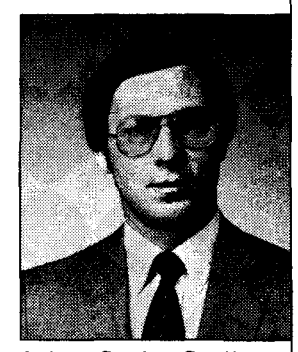
"From our measurements," Dr. Rask states, "we have been able to deduce how changes in the geometry of the port and combustion chamber modify the velocity field. These flow field effects are now being used to help designers tailor engine combustion for optimum performance."


General Motors

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE


## THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Rodney Rask is a Senior Staff Research Engineer in the Fluid Mechanics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Rask received his undergraduate and graduate degrees in mechanical engineering from the University of Minnesota. His Ph.D. thesis concerned the Coanda effect.

Prior to joining General Motors in 1973, Dr. Rask worked on the design of nuclear reactors at the Knoll's Atomic Power Laboratories. In addition to further refinements in LDA measurement techniques, his current research interests include computer simulation of engine systems, with special emphasis on the intake manifold.

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they refused to forecast showed up anyway, the President's men would not let Reagan take credit for it and warned that it would soon go away. To make sure, they sicked Paul Volcker on it and encouraged him to raise interest rates.

The President's policy managers are so terrified of economic growth that every time the economy shows any sign of life, they hit it over the head by raising taxes or interest rates. The only reason supply-side economics is not dead is that the other side has moved to endorse it.

In February 1983 when OMB and CEA were arguing for higher taxes, Alice Rivlin and the Congressional Budget Office came to terms with the supply-side policy that they had long opposed. In its report to the Senate and House budget committees, CBO warned that tax increases inevitably inhibit economic activity "no matter when they are put into effect." The report declared that "higher income and payroll taxes almost surely discourage work effort and saving . . . and excise taxes distort economic choices." CBO's deficit reduction strategy stressed minimizing "disincentives to work, save, and invest."

In August 1983, one year after Reagan's flip-flop on tax policy, Democratic Senator Bill Bradley told *Barron's* that "the tax system is like a hurdle that the private sector has to get over to go on about creating the jobs." He defended the Bradley-Gephardt bill, which reduces the top marginal tax rate to 30 percent and eliminates most deductions and credits, in supply-side terms. "Supply-side economics," he declared, "was right in its conclusion that lower tax rates do stimulate work, savings and investment."

In September 1983, the second anniversary of David Stockman's "September Offensive" which reversed the President's tax policy, the World Bank published a study showing "evidence from 20 countries suggests that those with lower taxes experienced more rapid growth."

Finally, Larry Kudlow, who had helped Stockman discredit Reagan's supply-side policy, changed sides again. He got *Business Week* to declare him "a supply-sider" and used the occasion to proclaim that the "recovery will shrink the deficit"—the Treasury's position that he had ridiculed while at OMB.

Supply-side economics may be dead within the Reagan Administration, but it is alive and flourishing among the Democratic opposition. Once it dawns on Reagan that he cannot be re-elected on his aides' program of tight money and higher taxes, he will remember that he is a supply-sider too.

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*Paul Craig Roberts holds the William E. Simon Chair in Political Economy at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, Georgetown University. He drafted the Kemp-Roth bill in 1977 when he was chief economist on the minority staff of the House Budget Committee. During 1981-82 he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Economic Policy and is credited by President Reagan and Treasury Secretary Regan for passage of the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981.*

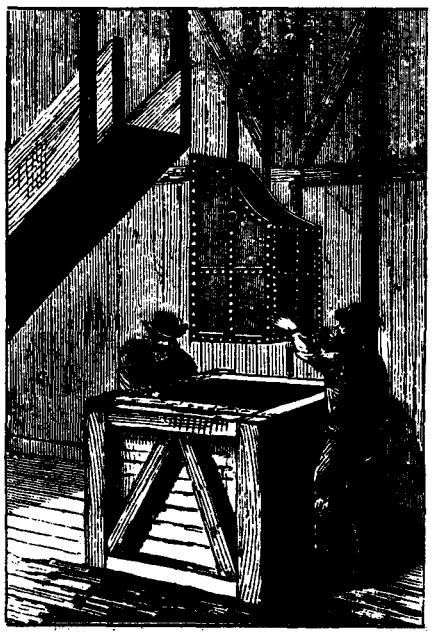
## HERBERT STEIN

I hate to be Talmudic about this, but if you ask me whether supply-side economics has died, I have to answer with two other questions. What do you mean by "supply-side economics" and in what sense can an idea be said to die or live?

I will answer my own questions.

I mean by "supply-side economics" what I have elsewhere described as "punk" supply-sidism—that is, an extreme and bizarre exaggeration of a perfectly good, old idea. I do not mean supply-side economics in the sense that economics has been largely supply-side since Adam Smith published the *Wealth of Nations* in 1776 and even before that.

Supply-side economics in the sense that caused all the excitement between 1976 and 1980 and that prompts the present search for the body is a specific quantitative proposition. It is an assertion that a large across-the-board reduction of individual income taxes in an economy of continental size (i.e., not Puerto Rico) will promptly result in an increase in revenue or at least in an increase in total revenue plus saving. Thus, there will be a reduction of the budget deficit, or an increase of the deficit that is smaller than the increase of savings. Moreover, these results have to be achieved in a certain way—by an increase in the incentives to work, save, and invest—



and not in the bad old Keynesian way of stimulating aggregate demand. We are said to be on the sunny side of the Laffer Curve. Otherwise, there is no news in Supply-Side Economics.

I can identify four senses in which an idea like supply-side economics may be said to live or die.

1. Supply-side economics made a few people rich, famous, or influential. That is a lot for an idea to accomplish. Those people are still rich, famous, or influential. In that sense supply-side economics still lives.

2. Supply-side economics may have contributed to Mr. Reagan's election in 1980. By the time Candidate Reagan started to talk seriously about economics, in September 1980, he began backing away from supply-sidism. Still, the melody lingered on in the form of a promise of a conservative free-lunch and that may have helped Mr. Reagan get elected, although I think he had plenty of other things going for him. But if supply-side economics contributed to Reagan's election, it lives while the Reagan Administration is in office.

3. Does supply-side economics still live as an influence on policy? The simple answer to that is no. Even the President has endorsed three tax increases in the last year (TEFRA, the gasoline tax, and the social security taxes) and has somewhat shyly proposed a contingent tax increase for the future. No one out of the closet is recommending a tax cut to raise revenue and reduce the deficit. One might say that supply-sidism contributes to the present reluctance to raise taxes further. That would be far-fetched. The idea that Congress is normally panting to raise taxes and has to be deterred from doing so by an economic theory is groundless. And insofar as anyone, including the Administration, has invoked a theory for not raising taxes more, the theory has been Keynesian, not supply-side. Still, there are grown men who will not step on a crack in the sidewalk, because deep in the back of their minds is a childhood doggerel about "Crack, crack, break your mother's back." There may also be people who oppose tax-increases because deep in their subconscious is the trace of supply-side economics.

4. Last and least is the question of the validity of supply-side economics in the specific quantitative sense that I described at the outset. There never was any reason to think that the proposition was valid. Such evidence as existed about the size of the work, saving, or investing response to changes in marginal tax rates was all against it. That didn't mean that it was impossible but only that it was highly improbable. Experience in the past two years has not added much to our knowledge on this subject. There has been a tax cut and revenues have not increased. Neither has the sum of revenues and savings. But the supply-siders can say that the time has been too short, that there has been a recession, and that the tax cuts were too small (as Keynesians used to say about deficits). In the only sense in which supply-sidism had a chance of being valid it is a proposition about what happens in the long run, and that has not been tested.

The whole episode reminds me of Colonel McCormick and the reporter during World War I. In September of 1918 the reporter sent back a story from France saying that an armistice had been signed. The *Chicago Tribune* headlined it and McCormick sent the reporter a cable: "Your story exclusive. Congratulations." Two days later he sent him another cable: "Your story still exclusive. Why?"

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*Herbert Stein is the author of the forthcoming book,* Presidential Economics.

## MELVILLE J. ULMER

The insistent claim of the liberal-left that "supply-side economics is dead" reached near hysterical pitch when last year's recession scraped bottom, and it has not abated despite the business recovery. This charge has all the analytical content of the yelp of a frustrated puppy. In the narrowest and most familiar sense of the term, Arthur Laffer's brainchild is simply part of the lore of economics in general, tautological as much of it is.

Supply-side economics in this sense holds that if tax rates are raised high enough they will seriously impair savings, investment, risk-taking, and work effort, ultimately reaching a point at which further tax increases actually reduce total tax revenue. That's no more than a truism, and the only legitimate quarrel can concern the exact location of the critical turning point—which itself depends upon time, place, and attendant circumstances. In view of the briskly climbing marginal tax rates through the 1970s, Laffer estimated that a turning point had been reached and passed by 1980, raising an empirical question that will test the skills of future econometricians more than it does the theory.

The *broader* meaning of supply-side economics, however, is of greater import for public policy, and it refers to the recently revived conservative approach to the private enterprise system. It opposes the position of the liberal-left which had been more or less gathering strength



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ever since 1933. Although it is unclear which side will win majority support in the next election, it seems certain that the war between the two —Left and Right, demand-side and supply-side—will persist over four related issues.

The most familiar of these concerns economic stabilization. The Left has maintained—and still maintains, despite all evidence to the contrary—that it knows how to create and sustain full employment, and to do so without causing devastating inflation. All that it takes is adroit management of the nation's aggregate demand. According to such noted liberals as James Tobin, an increase or reduction of taxes and interest rates at just the right time and by the right amounts will smooth out business cycles on a high plateau and perpetuate "full employment."

The Right points to the liberals' dismal up-and-down record, especially the unprecedented 13 percent annual inflation and 8 percent unemployment reached under Jimmy Carter. The alternative is to establish a stable environment for economic growth on the private enterprise supply-side through lower taxes, a steady but moderated expansion in the quantity of money, and a contraction of the public sector including social spending.

The second area of conflict concerns the longer-run prospects for economic growth. Left-liberals are congenitally pessimistic about prevailing economic institutions. They see physical shortages everywhere—in oil, food supplies, minerals, water, oxygen, and space. Even technological advances have passed the cutting edge of diminishing returns. Supply-siders since Adam Smith have stressed that the wealth of a nation depends upon its people—their energy and especially their intelligence. Technology in the future, they contend, will overcome transient shortages and yield *new* resources, just as it always has in the past. Economic growth, in other words, can proceed without limit.

The third area concerns the future of our nation's "poor." Given the liberal-left's view of economic prospects, this future would certainly appear bleak. As Lester Thurow has happily explained, a no-growth society is a zero-sum society. What anyone gains, someone else must lose. Hence the liberal-left's preoccupation with income redistribution. The Right holds that route to be self-defeating, certain to reduce total output and increase poverty. The only way to help the poor is to promote economic growth for all.

The final area of conflict is of course government. Left-liberals want government action. The most recent activist buzz words are "industrial policy," i.e., wage and price controls, a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation to allocate credit, subsidies and special taxes for promoting "sunrise industries" and slaughtering "sunset industries," retraining programs and other projects all coordinated in a centralized system of "national economic planning." Judging by the past performance of public administrators and politicians, the Right contends that such a policy would stifle and frustrate private markets, mutilate private business, and severely limit if not obliterate individual freedom.

If supply-side in the broader sense ever dies, it will be the death of private enterprise too.

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*Melville J. Ulmer is Professor of Economics at the University of Maryland, "Distinguished Associate" of the Atlantic Economic Society, author of numerous professional books and articles, and contributor to periodicals ranging from* Commentary *and* The American Spectator *to the* New Republic *and the* Atlantic.

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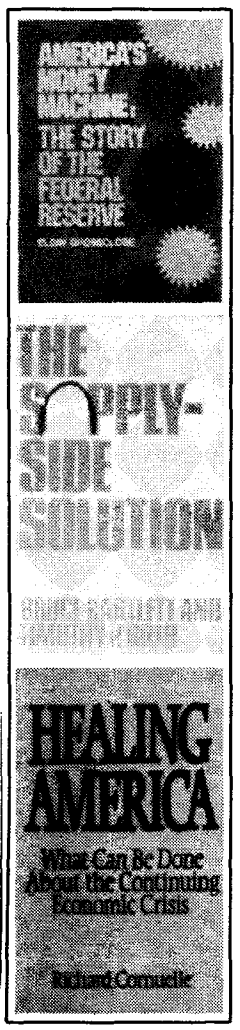
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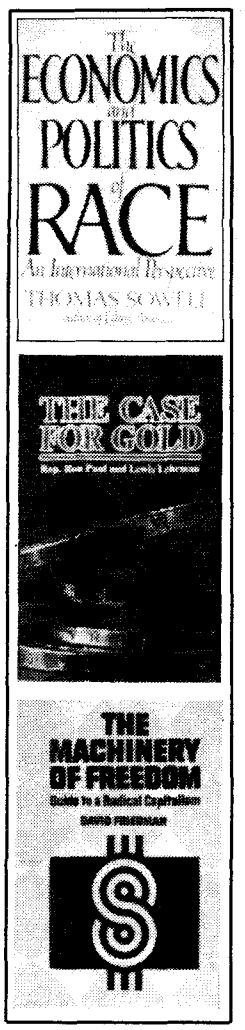


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## JUDE WANNISKI

Supply-side economics is one of the two fundamental branches of economic theory, the other being demand-side economics. Both have always existed and both will exist forever. But at any moment, one or the other will dominate policy-making. And within the framework of both branches there are myriad competing schools.

Stated as simply as possible: supply-side theory begins with the assumption that the producer is the dominant actor in the economy, and that supply creates its own demand, i.e., production will be consumed. Adam Smith, Alexander Hamilton, and Karl Marx, to name a few eminences, were "supply-siders," although I coined the term in 1975 to give the usual term, classical economics, a clearer meaning.

Demand-side theory begins with the assumption that the consumer, "the demander," is the dominant actor in the economy, and that demand creates its own supply, i.e., producers will produce what consumers demand. Thomas Malthus, John Maynard Keynes, Milton Friedman, and Paul Samuelson are among the eminences in the demand-side school. They uniformly believe it is government's responsibility to manage aggregate demand, hence the policy of "demand management."

The reason *The American Spectator* poses the question about the vitality of supply-side economics is that the nature of the theory has been misrepresented in the popular press. Supply-side economics is almost never described as one of the two basic branches of economics, but rather as a single idea that flows from the supply model, the idea that under certain conditions tax rates can be reduced and so stimulate production that the tax base and tax revenues will actually increase. In fact, the press is usually not this clear, choosing to characterize supply-siders as simple-minded tax-cutters.

The reason the press corps has had trouble on this point is that demand-side theory has dominated policy-making in the United States for about forty years. Economic journalists throughout the media came to see opposite poles of the profession represented by two varieties within the demand-side branch. The fiscalists, or Keynesians, developed methods of regulating consumer demand through tax and spending policies of the government. The monetarists, or Friedmanites, argued for monetary policies that would alter the flow of cash through consumer pockets. Economic journalists, almost certainly trained in one or the other demand-side schools, have found it difficult to realize that the supply-side school is not an exotic splinter group but one of the two primary pillars of economics, one that had dominated policy-making in the United States from the eighteenth century to the early 1930s.

The confusion is not entirely within the financial press, however. There is confusion because President Reagan, who became identified with supply-side tax policies in his 1980 campaign and in his early fiscal policies as President, allowed the demand-side monetarists to retain control over monetary policy in his Administration. The press corps understandably characterized supply-side as a fiscal idea, one that could somehow be compatible with monetarism. The policies that flow from supply-side and demand-side theory can often be contradictory, which is what the supply-side theoreticians warned the Administration early in 1981.

These confusions are being clarified as the press corps itself becomes better versed in the differences between the schools and the policy implications. An attempt by conservative Keynesians to blame the 1982 recession on Reagan's supply-side tax cuts failed to stick. The financial community came to accept the obvious fact that the Federal Reserve's strict adherence to monetarism produced the deflation and deep recession of 1982, and that the Fed's abandonment of monetarism late last year spurred the bull market in stocks and bonds and the robust recovery we've seen this year.

In the years ahead, the relative obsolescence of demand theory will be more evident, as will the dominance of the modern supply model. The existing demand models, which are at heart redistribution models, have less relevance in a U.S. and world economy which is driven by a need to enhance production, it being necessary to produce goods and wealth before these can be redistributed.

The supply-side and demand-side schools will be much in evidence in 1984 during the election campaigns. The Democrats are moving toward embracing the Bradley-Gephardt flat-tax bill, an approach that Senator Bradley of New Jersey willingly concedes is a supply-side one. The Republicans will face the same divisions that split them in 1980, over fiscal and monetary policies, with supply-siders pressing for further production-oriented tax policies and an abandonment of monetarism altogether. The demand-siders in the GOP wish to restrain aggregate demand through tight fiscal and monetary policies.

When fundamental ideas clash, the outcome is never conclusive. While I believe a revitalized supply-side model is just emerging to a long period of dominance, into the next century perhaps, it is inevitable that refurbished demand models will return one day for a place in the sun.

*Jude Wanniski is President of Polyconomics, Inc., and author of* The Way the World Works, *now available in a revised and updated edition from Simon and Schuster.*

## WALTER E. WILLIAMS

We not only got a new man for the White House in 1980, but the new man brought in some old wine in new bottles. This new bottle, so to speak, was supply-side economics. Yet its contents are as old as the hills, namely the idea that government activity can have an influence on incentives to work, save, and invest. It is an immutable fact of life—and the core of supply-side economics—that if an activity is taxed we see less of it and if an activity is subsidized we see more of it.

So all the supply-siders are saying is that government policies have an effect on people's willingness to supply things. There's no mystery to any of this; it's the term that has caused all the confusion. Americans would have been spared a great deal of confusion, debate, and demagoguery had the supply-siders simply called their economics "sensible" economics.

Instead, proponents of supply-side policies allowed themselves to be interpreted as pro-business and anti-labor. We all heard the wail, "Tax cuts for corporations and the rich!" First of all, corporations are legal fictions and as such do not pay taxes. People pay taxes. So-called corporate taxes are paid by consumers in the form of higher prices; paid by workers in the form of lower wages; paid by stockholders in the form of lower dividends. Cut corporate taxes and people's taxes are cut. To benefit from an across-the-board income tax cut, you have to earn income. The more income earned (and hence more taxes paid) the more one benefits from a tax cut. Reagan's tax cut proposals have been great ammunition for congressional and media beating up on the rich. I'm not rich but last April 15 it dawned on me that I was supporting three American families *plus* purchasing my share of nukes. Yet I've received no award for behavior above and beyond the call of duty, not even a "Thank You, Daddy" card from my three families.

The main beneficiaries of tax cuts are ultimately the country's main suppliers—labor. According to the Department of Commerce, our national income in 1981 was $2,343.7 billion. Business supplied, as measured by profits, $323.4 billion. The owners of capital supplied, as measured by interest income, $25 billion. Much maligned landlords supplied, as measured by rental income, a mere $33.6 billion. An overwhelming $1,771.1 billion of national income was supplied by workers.

Thus, a policy that gets government off the back of suppliers will benefit the suppliers simply because of their sheer number. Most men have not yet been "saved," and so they suffer from that devilish desire to keep all or most of what they earn. Tell a worker that his property rights will be denied to the tune of a third or

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more of his earnings, and you can expect less work. A dedicated worker will continue to work anyway, but in areas not subject to taxes. Thus we have millions of Americans working in the shadows of the underground economy.

Big-spending politicians, brought up on Keynesianism, see things differently. Looking only at aggregate demand, they see higher taxes as government's way of fighting inflation. Tax cuts are tantamount to dereliction of duty. Blind to basic principles of microeconomics, Keynesian politicians believe that they can pass new laws and that afterward people will act just as they did before, i.e., provide just as much work, saving, and investment effort.

But getting people to take the micro view of government activity is no small task. There is an ideological barrier most apparent in the economic womb, i.e., economics departments. The noted "conservative" departments—Chicago, UCLA, Rochester, Virginia, and George Mason—have microeconomics as their strongest suit. Graduates of these schools often emerge virtually ignorant of the IS and LM curves, the symbols of the macro tribe. Graduates of the most famous "liberal" economics departments—Harvard, MIT, Yale, Wisconsin, and, God help us, Massachusetts—have little appreciation for the S & D curves, the symbol of the micro tribe.

These differences carry over into the political arena. "Liberals" are concerned with aggregates like the "good and just" society; "conservatives," with some important exceptions, are concerned with the individual, with wealth maximization, and this allows them not to focus on the needs of society.

Although not all supply-siders fit the conservative mold, most do see the legitimate role of government as protecting the rights of the individual, including his right to maximize his wealth. Supply-siders really want to do the liberals one better: to create a good and plentiful society. Adam Smith's philosophy, not to be confused with that of those at the White House who wear ties featuring his picture, is precisely this: "Every individual is continually exerting himself to find the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command. *It is his own advantage, indeed, and not that of society, which he has in view.* But the study of his own advantage naturally, or rather necessarily, leads him to prefer that employment which is most advantageous to society." The father of American supply-siders, Thomas Jefferson, having recognized the important nexus between the pursuit of private interests and the social good, gave a full statement of the legitimate role of government, "a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government."

Is supply-side, then, still alive? That's akin to asking: now that we have conquered space, do we have to continue acknowledging the Law of Gravity when we produce parachutes? Like gravity the Laws of Human Nature will always, for good or for bad, be with us. Whether we call them parachutes or anti-gravitators, we had better acknowledge gravity or wind up, as they say in the profession, as Roman candles. Similarly, if we ignore the Laws of Human Nature, summarized partly in Economics, we might turn our economy into a Roman candle.

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*Walter E. Williams is Professor of Economics at George Mason University and author of* The State Against Blacks *(New Press/McGraw Hill).*


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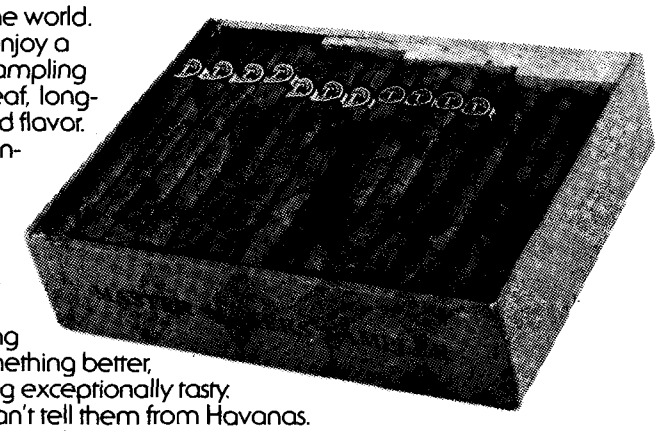

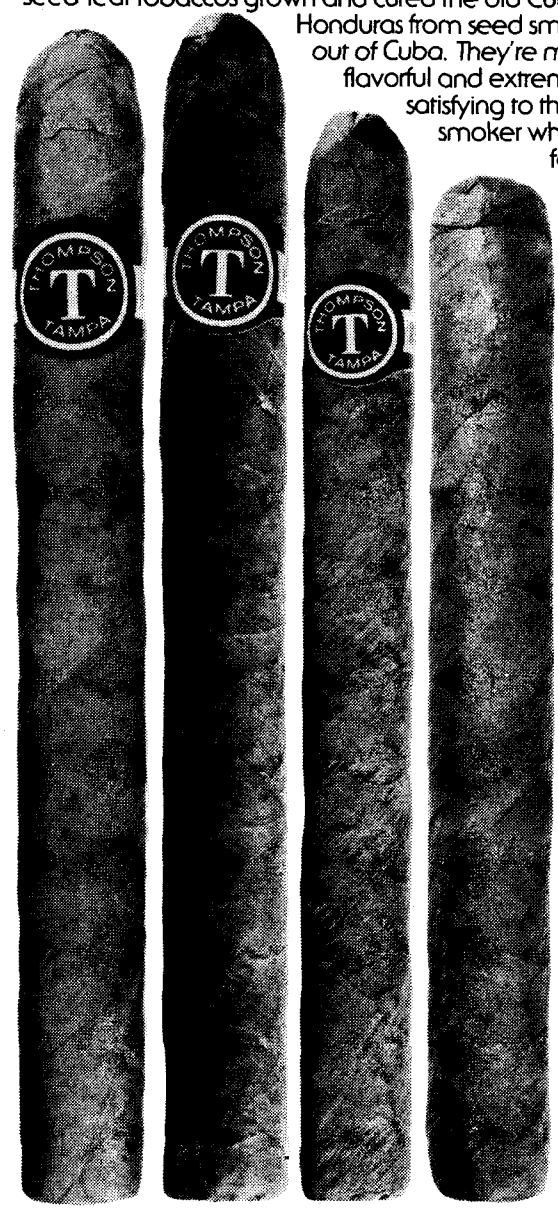


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Whit Stillman

# NEW FRONTIER DAYS

## A Camelot memoir.

*Two decades have passed since a Dallas, Texas, assassin's bullet brought to an end the presidency of John Fitzgerald Kennedy and with it the period known as the New Frontier. Arthur Schlesinger, Theodore Sorenson, and Pierre Salinger have written the basic history of the Kennedy Administration. Henry Fairlie and Benjamin Bradlee have revised and supplemented it. Now a Wade Rawson, Jr. has come forward with his own memoir of those years.*

**Manhattan Prelude**

Late one January afternoon a little more than a week before John F. Kennedy was sworn in as the thirty-fifth President of the United States, the telephone rang in the living room of my parents' Manhattan apartment where I was watching television.

I had gotten in the habit of watching television weekday afternoons as a way of unwinding after a long day in the fourth grade, before starting in on homework. The school I went to was considered by its students the hardest in New York and in fourth grade really piled on the homework. Yet somehow a whole day's living had to be packed in before an eight o'clock bedtime.

The telephone call was from Washington, D.C.—my father was to call back Operator No. 6 there. It turned out to be an invitation for him to meet with Treasury Secretary-designate Dillon before the inauguration. There Dillon asked him to join the Treasury in a key international financial policy post. He accepted and, as was characteristic with the new administration, began work almost immediately. My mother found a townhouse in Washington's Georgetown section and made plans to move in at the end of the school year with my sister and me. We were excited at the prospect of New Frontier Washington, although it meant sacrificing the momentum we had built up at our New York schools.

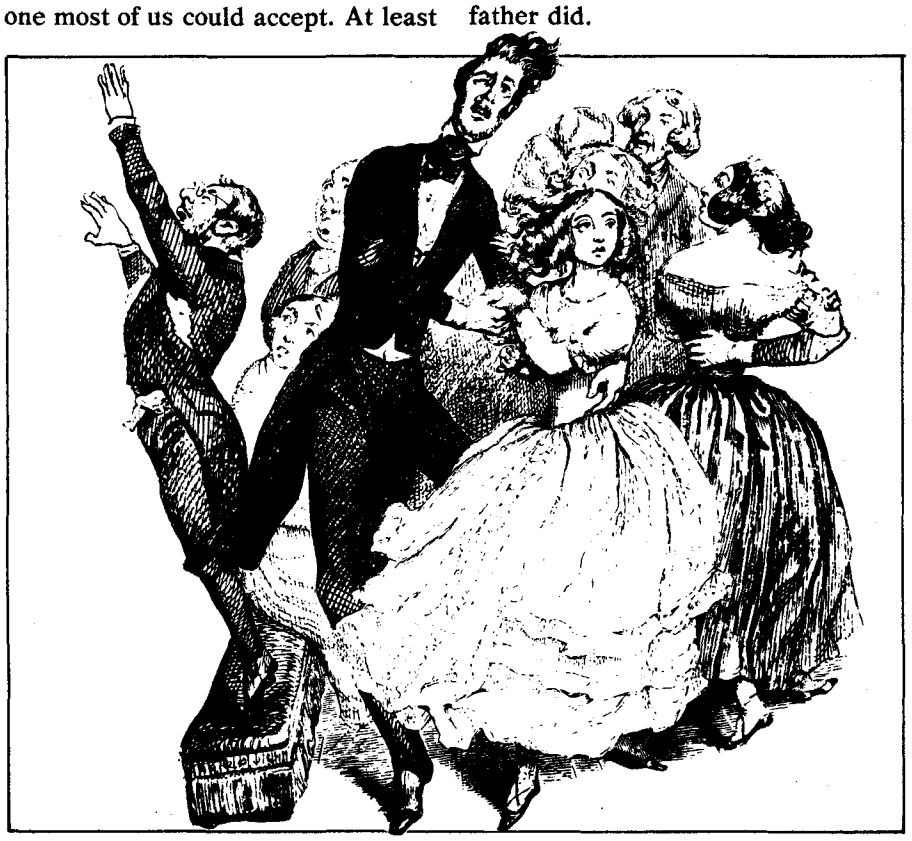
**Washington, Fall 1961**

"Life in 1961 will not be easy," President Kennedy said in his State of the Union message. "The hopes of all mankind rest upon us."

Washington in the fall of 1961 was the capital of a Free World under siege—and the sense of challenge this inspired reached down to the elementary school level. School's opening in September followed closely upon the conclusion of the tense Berlin crisis. At the first school assembly an old man who had been Secretary of State under Truman spoke about the problems of the Cold War. His pessimistic outlook was not one most of us could accept. At least the male members of my class thought in terms of a fairly certain ultimate victory over Communism.

The school we were being sent to was Virginia Country Day, across the Potomac from Georgetown. The decision to go there rather than to one of the superior National Cathedral-affiliated schools stemmed from my mother's conviction that country environments were healthier for young people—an idea going back to Rousseau's day.

The parents of many (and possibly most) Country Day students were involved in government, politics, diplomacy, or journalism, and these tensions were brought into the classroom. A number of students were dropped off at school by their fathers on their way to work at the Central Intelligence Agency's new Langley, Virginia, headquarters nearby. For national security reasons it was against the school rules to ask another student what his or her father did.



Otherwise Virginia Country Day encouraged an intensely "aware" attitude among its students. At Halloween emphasis was put on collecting money for UNICEF, the United Nations Childrens Fund. Before Christmas we were encouraged to buy sets of UNICEF greeting cards. At assembly on United Nations Day each middle school student was assigned to represent a U.S. member nation by raising a miniature version of its flag when its name was called out. Individual classes raised money to "adopt" poor children in foreign countries. Their photos and grateful letters were later posted on classroom bulletin boards.

Periodically throughout the year drives were also mounted to collect toys, food, clothing, and cash for Washington-area charities. At the Fall Frolic, money was raised for the school's scholarship fund.

The school authorities' idealistic efforts were, however, undermined by widespread juvenile delinquency. Much of the money raised for UNICEF and orphans in South Korea never actually reached them. The dues-filled strongboxes class treasurers held in their desks were found looted—with the treasurers themselves sometimes suspected. Cheating on homework was epidemic. Oddballs could expect regular beatings. All this must be recorded—it, too, was part of the New Frontier years in Washington.

**A Capital Chronicle**

Coming to Washington in a junior capacity meant exclusion from first-hand experience in the daily workings of government. On the other hand, I could watch the events of those years unfold from a more distant perspective than was possible for a Schlesinger, Salinger, Sorenson, or Bradlee, although never from the distance Fairlie attained. From this intermediate perspective the New

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*Whit Stillman, New York Editor of* The American Spectator, *has also written for the* Potomac School News & Views. *All the events in this story not clearly of historical record are fictional.*



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Frontier appeared as a series of interesting but apparently unrelated episodes and impressions. Any authentic account must reflect that. Do not expect, therefore, the ponderous analysis and interpretation with which professional historians interlard their chronicles of past events.

At the start of the New Frontier much was said in the press about the style and sophistication the new administration was bringing to Washington. Coming from Manhattan's prestigious Lexington Avenue, my parents could not honestly be impressed by whatever sophistication Washington had gained. The group they saw most frequently included Frank and Sue Roosevelt, the Leffingwells, Anne Post Turner of the Cincinnati newspaper family, and the columnist Charlie Balsam. They were often included in the highly charged dinner parties given by the columnist Joseph Alsop and his wife, Susan Mary Alsop. From the rounds of embassy dinners and receptions they became particularly friendly with the Czech Ambassador and his senior aides, often joining the more fashionable Eastern European set for a nightcap at the end of a busy diplomatic evening. At home their conversation was studded with exotic names such as India Edwards and Algier* Biddle Duke.

They also often entertained at home, putting me in a position to make some first-hand observations about Washington social life. More bourbon and less scotch was served at Washington cocktail parties than in Manhattan. Partygoers were excessively friendly with young people passing hors d'oeuvres.

Dinner parties tended to be smaller than those for cocktails. Among the guests at a typical 1962 dinner party were Assistant Defense Secretary and Mrs. Adam Yarmolinsky, the Leffingwells, and a beautiful younger woman named Polly Fisher. The rest were nonentities. For a time later that evening I sat out of view on the stairway and overheard Mr. Yarmolinsky speak interestingly on Defense policy. Some of what he said seemed extremely sensitive for dinner-party circulation.

For members of my generation in Washington the weeknight routine was far less hectic. A bus brought us back from school around 4 p.m.—3 p.m. for public school students. After a short post-school "decompression period" and homework came the Huntley-Brinkley Report's pictorial coverage of the new administration.

Nearly every night there was film of a Kennedy speech, news conference, bill-signing, parade, military review, or whirlwind trip. During the Kennedy presidency even Rose Garden ceremonies became enthralling. The young presidential couple were mesmerizingly "glamorous" and, in fact, reminded me of my parents.

On some Saturday mornings my father allowed us to accompany him to his Treasury office. The building was a maze of huge, deserted corridors on weekends. The atmosphere was impersonal. My father's own office, however, was jammed with mementoes—personal, political, official, and semi-official. On the walls were inscribed photographs, framed letters, frames enclosing a letter and a photo, and one enclosing a photo of a bill-signing, a pen, and a letter. Prior to these visits I had grimly assumed that office work must be like elementary school, only with longer hours and almost no vacation. But my father just read and dictated replies to his correspondence, talked on the phone with political colleagues, and read the *Congressional Record*, things which he enjoyed doing anyway.

Early in the New Frontier period my father was confronted with a difficult situation involving questions of judgment and national security. "Herb," an English instructor he had known at Harvard before the war, had now reappeared in a sensitive government intelligence post. Although not politically active himself, Herb had associated with members of the Communist clique which took over the Harvard Student Union in 1939. My father's concern was that if Herb had secretly become a Communist then and remained one, he would have to be considered a security risk. But to report this ran the risk of engaging in McCarthyism.

"The political context of the thirties was completely different from what it is now," he said. "Then there were 30 million unemployed. Marxism seemed to offer an explanation."

Finally he decided to mention the matter in an unofficial way to the Secret Service, which was under Treasury jurisdiction. Even this gave my mother concern.

"You can never tell where something like this is going to lead," she said. "But I suppose you have to do what you feel is right."

In late November and early December 1961 my sister and I undertook the biggest job of our lives up to then —addressing, stuffing, sealing, and stamping the massive batch of Christmas cards my parents were sending out that year. My father was considering a congressional race in 1962 but had not decided which of two New York State districts he could represent more effectively—or whether to run at all. As a compromise, cards were to be sent to Democratic party activists in both districts, further swelling an already large list.

During the envelope-sealing phase, to avoid dehydration, we consumed huge quantities of Seven-up—Coke and Orange Crush, we found, left a tint on the envelope flaps.

Payment was at the rate of two cents for each card completed, so with over a thousand cards to be sent out, quite a bit of money was involved.

In April 1962 official Washington was gripped by the steel crisis. On Tuesday, April 10th, U.S. Steel announced a series of price increases and was shortly joined by most other steel producers. The Administration moved to roll back the increases. A tense couple of days followed.

On Friday afternoon my mother met my sister and me at the door as we returned from school.

"The steel companies have backed down," she said. "This is a tremendous victory for President Kennedy. It completely makes up for the Bay of Pigs."

The steel crisis success did not, as it turned out, soften the hostility of the Administration's right-wing critics. Books with such titles as *Capital Coverup* and *White House Whitewash*, purporting to expose corruption and treachery in the federal government, were showing up in paperback book racks. Small new publishing concerns based primarily in the West and using such ominous-sounding imprints as Casa Liberty, Conestoga Books, Freedom Ranch Press, and Circle Wagons fed the growing hate literature. *Newsweek* did a special report on the radical right extremist groups. Said President Kennedy in a speech: "There have always been those on the fringes of our society who have sought to escape their own responsibility by finding a simple solution, an appealing slogan or a convenient scapegoat."

Promotion came quickly for my father at Treasury, as he moved from "Assistant to the Undersecretary" to "Deputy Undersecretary." Within the department, however, a rivalry had developed between him and Robinson Weil, a wealthy Texas businessman recently appointed with Vice President Johnson's strong backing. Both men hoped to fill the next Treasury Assistant-Secretaryship to open up. Weil was widely respected in Washington as a self-made man who had left profitable business interests to join the Administration. That Weil had made the bulk of his fortune during five years in Texas state government was, my father felt, also open to less positive interpretation.

**Capital on the Cape**

On Friday afternoons that summer my father was sometimes able to get a ride on the official plane to Otis Air Force Base not far from the President's Hyannisport headquarters, and then continue on to Martha's Vineyard. There was a sizable New Frontier element on the island and in the village of Chilmark, where we

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went, a pervasive New Frontier spirit, although the only other Administration officials actually there were Presidential Science Adviser Jerome Wiesner and a few others. The atmosphere was one of strict informality. Styles which later became national were incubating in Chilmark that summer. The singer James Taylor was there as a North Carolina doctor's son. Barefeet were required wear among Chilmark young people in 1962. By the end of the decade the whole nation was barefoot.

**Washington, Year Two**

In September we returned to a still-sweltering Washington. Almost the entire Kennedy legislative program remained to be enacted. The off-year election campaign was beginning in earnest—with Nixon running against Brown in California and Morgenthau against Rockefeller in New York. My father, who had decided against a congressional race, still chafed under the Hatch Act's restrictions on government employees' political activity. For me September meant advancement to a higher grade and bedtime at a more realistic hour.

When school did open I found few surprises. It was again just a question of killing time during the day until returning home to watch history unfold.

In October the Cuban missile crisis broke the school routine. Intense bull sessions on the likelihood of nuclear war began on the bus to school, continued through recess and lunch period, and resumed on the bus trip home. Many students' fathers were staying all night at their offices in crisis-related work. The conviction that Washington would be the first target in any nuclear exchange dominated all our speculation. The atmosphere was like that of London during the Blitz except that nothing happened.

Christmas Week 1962 put my parents in a difficult situation. Their Eastern European diplomatic friends had showered them with expensive presents. They were flattered, but federal rules prohibited their retain-

(*continued on page 45*)

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Fred Barnes

# THE NEW REAGAN AGENDA

## A losing formula.

A few years back, a cloud passed over Milwaukee Brewers shortstop Robin Yount, prompting him to declare, against all good sense and logic, that he might quit major league baseball to become a professional golfer. At the time, Yount was rated as perhaps the brightest young prospect in the American League. Nonetheless, he was inclined to try another sport, and not his best sport at that. But fortunately for Yount, the cloud drifted on, his mind cleared, and he stayed with the Brewers. Soon, he established himself as the premier shortstop in baseball. And in 1982, he led the Brewers to the American League pennant and won, for himself, the most valuable player award.

It may not leap out at you why the Yount affair has any relation to presidential politics, but bear with me. There is a relevant analogy here to the way President Reagan has been preparing himself to campaign for a second White House term. It is as if Yount had indeed switched to golf, joined the professional tour, and become not a rival to Tom Watson, but a mediocre performer who finishes well back in the pack. In Reagan's case, what has been switched is the agenda. In his eagerness to assuage blacks, women, and Hispanics, the President has abandoned the populist conservative agenda that helped him defeat Jimmy Carter three years ago and has instead invoked the conventional liberal agenda. So doing, Reagan is not playing his best sport, and his efforts to appeal on the basis of the liberal agenda have ranged from the embarrassing to the merely unpersuasive.

The President, one of his more savvy advisers commented, "is off his game." He is like Yount at golf, adequate at best. And if he stays that way, he stands to lose the 1984 election.

True, there is method in Reagan's madness; there is a rationale. Reagan and his strategists want to dampen black anger at his Administration in hopes that the black voter turnout (virtually all Democratic) in 1984 won't soar dramatically. They want to narrow the gender gap. They want to assure that Reagan holds the 30 percent or so of the burgeoning Hispanic vote which is needed to win states such as Texas and California that have large Hispanic populations. And most of all, they want to convey to the vast moderate middle of the American electorate that Reagan is concerned about minorities and women and the downtrodden. The message from Reagan is, I care.

This is an important message for the President to trumpet. The trouble is that he is doing it so crudely, and in such misconceived fashion, that it is backfiring dangerously. Before black, women, and Hispanic groups, Reagan invokes the liberal agenda and argues that he scores well when judged on its terms. And maybe he does score reasonably well, but he isn't likely to leave the leaders of these constituencies convinced. Most are full-throated critics of the President. Feminists object to his opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment and his support for a constitutional amendment banning abortions. Black leaders are still mad about his social spending cuts and his refusal to go along with busing and affirmative action. Hispanics, with the exception of Cuban-Americans, simply look askance at Republicans.

By concentrating his wooing on leaders of these constituencies, Reagan gives them a high-visibility platform on which to criticize him anew. "He's trying to appease people who understand his [real] agenda is different from theirs," said Congressman Newt Gingrich, the Georgia Republican. By trying to play off the liberal agenda, he makes all the more obvious his shortcomings when measured against that agenda's goals. Moreover, he draws national attention to that part of his record which is the most difficult to defend; he rekindles the so-called fairness issue. That, of course, puts him on the defensive, and Reagan, like most politicians, is always more compelling when he is on the offensive. Defending his record by the standards of the liberal agenda, he is deflected from proclaiming the conservative agenda and its vision.

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*Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the* Baltimore Sun.



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Rather, he summons no vision at all, but spends his time apologizing and, sometimes, whining.

The Barbara Honegger affair is a good example of what happens, inevitably, to a conservative who adopts the liberal agenda as the yardstick by which he is measured. Reagan, anxious about fallout from his anti-ERA position, months ago described his Administration's bid to expunge gender classifications from federal law as the moral equivalent of the ERA. It isn't, and when Honegger defected from the task force combing through federal law and said so, the press understandably perked up. At that point, Larry Speakes, the White House press secretary, could have said: "We're sorry she has quit the task force. It is a serious effort to remove any discriminatory language from federal law, and it will continue. The President is committed to this." And the matter might have died in a few days. But Speakes chose to react nastily, which always whets the appetite of the press, and a weeks-long spat was touched off. Honegger's charges were presented on equal footing against Reagan's protestations. In *USA Today*, the Gannett chain's national newspaper, the headline one day in August said, "REAGAN: I'm Sincere." Next to it was Honegger's picture and a story about her.

Juxtapositions like that on page one aren't the stuff of successful campaigns. Nor are the lame and condescending attempts at ethnic politics that Reagan has directed toward Hispanics. "You know about my inclinations in [the food] area," he told the Hispanic G.I. Forum last August. "After all, we served enchiladas to the Queen of England. And sometimes when a Cabinet meeting starts to drag, I wonder what would happen if the jellybean jar there on the Cabinet table was filled with jalapeno jellybeans. I'm thinking of trying it one of these days." Not surprisingly, Hispanic leaders found this patronizing or worse. "Hispanics want more than to know the menu this President is serving to foreign dignitaries," huffed Arnoldo S. Torres, the executive director of the League of United Latin American Citizens. "Hispanics want their problems solved."

So do blacks, but all they hear when Reagan speaks to them is a man on the defensive, pleading that he's not a bigot and indulging in the politics-as-usual of handout government. Contrast, for instance, the President's speech last July to the National Council of Negro Women with one he delivered in May 1981 to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. To black women, he said:

I'm more than a little self-conscious facing you . . . There's been such a case made that I am prejudiced, if not an outright bigot, that I find myself wondering if you're thinking that I don't mean what I'm saying, and this is just another dose of political hot air. Well, believe me, it is not. Nothing has frustrated me more than the totally false image that has been created of me . . .

As a radio announcer almost 50 years ago, I used to speak out on the air against the then ban on blacks in organized baseball. And before that, playing college football, [at] a little school in the Midwest, my closest teammate and buddy down there in the center of the line . . . was black. . . . As governor of California, I broke the subtle barrier that had made it virtually impossible for blacks to rise above the very lowest civil service positions in state government . . .

Now, let me tell you just some of the things we're doing in this Administration and some of the things we hope to do. . . . Our budget calls for spending $632.2 million for federal civil rights activities in 1984 . . . In fiscal year 1982 alone, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission obtained more than $134 million in back pay for victims of employee discrimination, a 74 percent increase over the last year of the previous Administration . . . The Department of Housing and Urban Development last month launched the Minority Youth Training Initiative . . . Our Summer Youth Employment program has a budget of more than $800 million, an increase of more than $100 million over last year . . . To fight housing discrimination, we've put real teeth into the fair housing law by introducing legislation to give the federal government, for the first time, legal authority to protect people from housing discrimination . . .

Earlier this year, we authorized the expenditure of more than $30 million so that Meharry Medical College can continue its historic service . . . We've also proposed the longest extension of the life of the Civil Rights Commission in its history . . . I could go on and on.

That recitation is not exactly visionary or eloquent or uplifting. It provides no road map to a future of black prosperity. It is the stale defensive politics that Republicans have been pursuing for years. Gerald Ford was comfortable with that kind of talk, with its boasting about spending programs aimed at blacks. It sounds nice, but there are two major problems. It dumps the speaker on the moral low ground, gazing upward as he argues along the lines of the liberal agenda. And it doesn't win over any blacks or anyone else. Was it a coincidence that Reagan's performance rating, after rising to a 16-month high last June, dipped in the Gallup Poll from 47 percent to 42 percent during his drive to appease blacks, women, and Hispanics? Not quite. The approach Reagan took before the NAACP in 1981—it was one of the best speeches of his presidency—may not have converted any blacks either, but it allowed the President to appeal on the grounds of his own conservative agenda and spin out the promise for blacks which that agenda holds. It was bold and honest. He said:

*Let us talk today about the needs of the future, not the misunderstandings of the past; about new ideas, not old ones; about what must become a continuing dialogue, not a dialogue that flows only at intermittent conventions that we both attend . . . In the months ahead our dialogue will include tough and realistic questions about the role of the federal government in the black community. I'm not satisfied with the results and I don't think you are either . . . Can the black teenager who faces a staggering unemployment rate feel that government*


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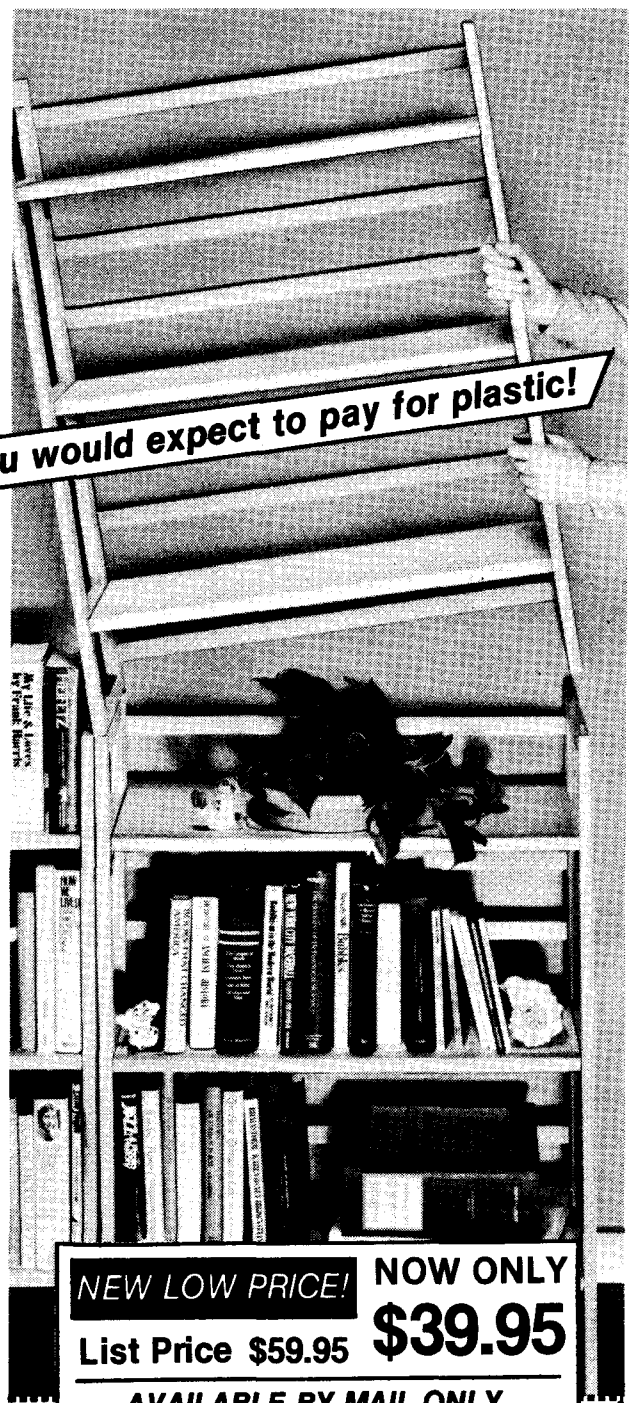

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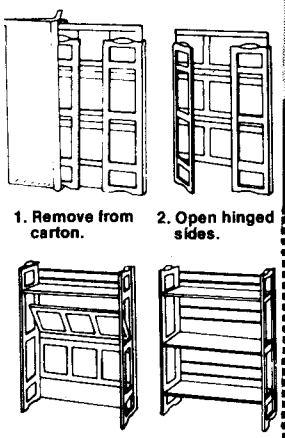

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policies are a success? Can the black wage earner who sees more and more of his take-home pay shrinking because of government taxes feel satisfied? Can black parents say, despite a massive influx of federal aid, that educational standards in our schools have improved appreciably? Can the woman I saw on television recently—whose family had been on welfare for three generations and who feared that her children might be the fourth—can she believe that current government policies will save her children from such a fate? . . .

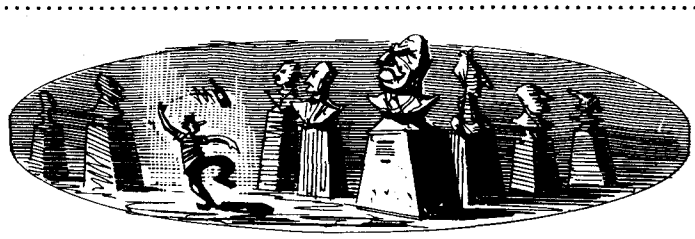
We ask these questions, because the blacks of America should not be patronized as just one more voting bloc to be wooed and won . . . Therefore, in our national debate over budget and tax proposals, we shall not concede the moral high ground to the proponents of these policies that are responsible in the first place for our economic mess . . . We shall not concede the moral high ground to those who show more concern for federal programs than they do for what really determines the income and financial health of blacks, the nation's economy . . .

I believe many in Washington, over the years, have been more dedicated to making needy people government-dependent rather than independent. They've created a new kind of bondage . . . Just as the Emancipation Proclamation freed black people 118 years ago, today we need to declare an economic emancipation . . . A strong economy returns the greatest good to the black population. It returns a benefit greater than that provided by specific federal programs . . . We cannot be tied to the old ways of solving our economic and racial problems. But it is time we looked to new answers and new ways of thinking that will accomplish the very ends the New Deal and the Great Society anticipated.

The address to the NAACP served the purpose of showing Reagan's concern for blacks. Yet it also had the advantage of being an expression of his root conviction that blacks, and everyone else, will be boosted only by a booming economy, never by government aid. In that speech, Reagan held onto his most important asset as a political figure, his integrity. But by invoking the liberal agenda now, he is throwing that away and undermining the ultimate source of his popularity, the public's belief that he is a man who expresses his real views and promotes policies in accord with them.

With his ideology harnessed for the sake of political pragmatism, Reagan is even threatened now with being outflanked by the Democrats on tax cutting. Two Democratic presidential candidates, Walter Mondale and George McGovern, have endorsed the tax bill crafted by Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey and Congressman Richard Gephardt of Missouri. It would drop the top rate from 50 to 30 percent, and provide a tax cut for 70 percent of Americans. Mimicking supply-side rhetoric that Reagan once voiced, McGovern went so far as to claim that the Bradley-Gephardt measure would produce more revenues at reduced tax rates. Reagan may yet be able to trump that proposal, though not if he and his aides remain mesmerized by the specter of deficits. The economic recovery has given him new flexibility on domestic policy. But he won't be able to capitalize on his opportunity unless he decides, like Robin Yount, to stick with the game he plays best. □

# EMINENTOES



## THE HIDDEN HOOVER

by Richard Brookhiser

He lived longer than any other President, except John Adams, and he still lives a ghostly existence today in the rhetoric of the Democratic party. When Walter Mondale, stumping through the hills of New Hampshire, or groveling before feminists, needs some Bureau of Weights and Measures-certified unit of failure by which to gauge Ronald Reagan, he reaches even now for the man who left the White House when Mondale was all of four years old. "It isn't what he doesn't know that worries me," he quotes Will Rogers, "it's what he knows for sure that isn't so." This is all the immortality that politics gives: not life in the history books, which everyone enters and nobody reads, but life on the hustings —as a hero, a bogey, a byword. Few politicians achieve it. Most lose their portion in it long before they die biologically; some lose it (Mondale?) while still campaigning.

Herbert Hoover's afterlife has been a long purgatory imposed for having coincided with the Great Depression. Two recent works about Hoover skirt the disaster: George H. Nash's *The Life of Herbert Hoover: The Engineer,** which takes him as far as 1914; and Gary Dean Best's two-volume *Herbert Hoover: The Post-Presidential Years,*† which picks him up again in 1933. Together, they bracket the period in their subject's career which branded him on the public mind. We do not see the Hoover everyone knows. Maybe instead we get the Hoover that actually was.

*Richard Brookhiser is Senior Editor at* National Review.

*W.W. Norton & Co., $25.00.

†Hoover Institution Press, $75.00 (set).

None of these books is easy going. George Nash has his sights on the definitive biography. He includes everything, and for the years covered in *The Engineer,* everything includes large doses of corporate intrigue, sometimes technical, always complicated (one particularly involved maneuver goes on for 98 pages). But we can always see the *longeurs* coming, while the compact episodes do convey what Chesterton called "the romance of the division of labor."

Mr. Best aimed to survey Hoover's role in American politics. He missed. *The Post-Presidential Years* is marathoner's history, loping painfully from month to month and fact to fact. Reading it for long stretches is about as exciting as watching a cash register.

Hoover first came to public attention in 1914 with his relief work in war-wracked Belgium. Yet he had already had a twenty-year career in the mining business, with experience at every level from ore-cart pusher to chairman of the board. He came out of West Branch, Iowa (pop.: 365), a town with no saloons and one Democrat, who was a drunk. He never shone in school, but he struck teachers and employers alike as industrious and tenacious, and when Bewick, Moreing and Company, one of the largest mining firms in the world, went looking in the American west for a mining engineer to send to the Australian goldfields, Hoover, age 22, was recommended.

Bewick, Moreing was Hoover's ladder to the top. He ran gold mines in western Australia, and coal mines in northern China. He put together the Zinc Corporation in the hope of extracting useful ore from mine waste. On the fourth try and the verge of bankruptcy, the company hit on a successful method, and flourished. He left Bewick, Moreing half a million dollars richer, and set up on his own as an engineer-financier in London. Hoover's companies brought silver out of upper Burma, oil from the Black Sea, copper from a property in the Ural Mountains half the size of Connecticut. Along the way, he produced a scholarly translation of a sixteenth-century Latin mining treatise. He was also said to have



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had a fling with an Australian barmaid, whom he memorialized in verse:

Then you raised your tender glances darkly, dreamily to mine
And my pulses clashed like cymbals in a rhapsody divine
And I spent my soul in kisses, crushed upon your scarlet mouth,
Oh! My red-lipped, sunbrowned sweetheart, dark-eyed daughter of the south.

Alas, Nash concludes, the lover is apocryphal and the poem a hoax: "the style is quite unlike anything else that Hoover ever wrote."

It was not all accomplished without trouble. Workers struck his Australian mines, rebels in China besieged him. A partner in London embezzled, ambitious mining projects failed. At the margins of civilization, there was brigandage, disorder, corruption; at the center lurked corporate sharks. Hoover persisted, sustained by a belief in the dignity of his profession, and lured by the prospect of gain: "if a man has not made a fortune by forty," he told a friend, "he is not worth much."

But as forty approached and his fortune got made, he began to yearn for something more—to "get into the big game somewhere." The big game of politics and public service engrossed him for the rest of his life, up to Black Friday, and beyond. He coveted a second shot at Roosevelt in 1936, and tried to stampede the Republican convention of 1940 (his stemwinding oration went unheard when Willkie operatives cut the mike). He supported Taft publicly in the battle for the 1952 nomination, and drafted a letter—never sent—endorsing Goldwater in the California primary. Two Presidents asked for his advice on streamlining the federal government; two Congresses gelded his recommendations, to our cost.

He was raised a Quaker, which seems never to have had much of a formal hold on him, but the real message of midwestern Protestantism—hard work and heavy lifting—stuck with him all his days. Someone once asked his grandmother about the family tree. "Begone with thee," she answered. "What matter if we descended from the highest unless we are something ourselves. Get busy."

Engineering became his paradigm for useful busy-ness. Engineers made the world work, and work efficiently. Their profession was thus superior to law, theology, or war, whose practitioners Hoover judged "parasitic" (also intellectuals: all he found in *The Education of Henry Adams* was "the puerilities of a parasite"). His youthful devotion to his line of work colored his mature politics. Though he was a lifelong critic of managed economies and the welfare state, he defended capitalism not as a consequence of any theory of natural right, but because it made men get up and go.

Few of the many foreign countries he lived and worked in pleased him. China was sunk in superstition and graft, England's class system disgusted him (one Englishwoman, on learning what he did for a living—*that* he did anything for a living?—exclaimed, "I thought you were a gentleman!"). Perhaps as a consequence, he had little use for foreign politics. He was willing to help suffering and starving people, but not their embroiled governments. Once embarked on that path, America would only end by hurting itself. "We cannot become the world's policeman," he warned in 1939, "unless we are prepared to sacrifice millions of American lives—and probably some day see all the world against us."

True enough. But it begs the question whether the world in fact needs policing. Hoover thought not.


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**From the *Wall Street Journal*:**

Mr. Reagan is a voracious reader of newspapers and conservative periodicals, such as *Human Events,* the entertaining but shrill bible of right-wing Republicanism. Between campaign stops, he is seen carefully clipping and underlining *Human Events* commentaries.

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He believed, as the thirties passed and darkened, that Hitler had no intention of attacking Britain and France; or that, if he did, Britain would be able to fend him off. He thought Chamberlain's Foreign Office the only group of skillful diplomats in the world. He abhorred Communism. Yet he was skeptical of committing American troops to NATO or American cash to the Marshall Plan. The offshore islands of Eurasia—Britain, Japan, Taiwan—seemed to him to mark the limits of our defensible postwar interests. When America ventured beyond, however, he rallied. "I have opposed many of our foreign policies," he said on the outbreak of the Korean War, "but now is not the time to argue. . . . When the United States draws the sword, there is only one course for our people: that is to win." So much for the relative patriotism of yesterday's Right and today's Left. William Sloan Coffin would oppose troops in Texas if the Sandinistas asked for it.

He was shy from childhood (Nash cites Quaker reticence, an early orphaning, a hard-handed uncle). Later acquaintances testified that he had no small talk. He avoided eye contact, fidgeted with coins in his pocket. So long as there was a consensus that what he knew for sure was so, the introverted engineer could manage politics as well as he fed millions, or ran mines on six continents. When economic and international upheavals shook that consensus, he was unable to crystallize it anew. The cool professional was no match for the demagogic squire. America turned left, away from him, and in turning right, it has not quite turned back. He looks at us, over his high collars, from pictures fifty and seventy years old and two political generations removed, ambitious, confident, self-contained; intelligent, conscientious, upright. □

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## THE BOYS OF THE I.R.A.

by Herb Greer

The world, as they say, little noted nor long remembered a remarkable statement made during August in London. The words were uttered by the Foreign Minister of Ireland during an official visit. I would guess that very few Americans—even those professional shamrockers who claim a special interest in that region—could recite even the name of the Irish Foreign Minister, much less remember any of what he said.

For the (American) record, the name is Peter Barry. His statement was an observation that Provisional Sinn Fein and their killer clones, Provisional IRA, are "blatantly Fascist." This very interesting proposition was relegated to the back page of London's *Daily Telegraph,* did not appear in the *Times* at all, and rated only a passing mention in one TV news spot. It seems to have escaped American notice altogether. This is odd, in that the Provisional IRA could neither kill nor propagandize to the extent that it does without generous financial and moral support from Americans. Thus a Minister of Ireland's legitimate government has in effect placed Noraid and its cognates in the role of backers for one of the few fascist organizations in Europe that is actually (and regularly) killing people.

The word "fascist" in this context is not mere abuse. When the recent precursors of today's Republican terrorists drew together in the nineteenth century, they were unconcerned either with democracy or with popular support, standing as they did outside the mainstream of Irish nationalism. Their aim was to sever all ties with the British crown (most Irish nationalists did not want this); their means to this end was the violent action of an elite, which would then rule Ireland. Their attitude to rule was well summed up by James Stephens, founder of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, who said as early as 1858: "I believe it essential that the center [he meant himself] of this or any similar organization should be perfectly unshackled; in other words, a provisional dictator." Stephens's co-conspirators fostered the present style of assassination and random bombing, the mystique of violence later echoed in fascist doctrine, and the murder, torture and mutilation of dissenters still practiced by Republican cabals in Ulster. These traits were given an ideological edge with German-style blood-and-soil rhetoric and a falsified, racist version of Anglo-Irish history which is popular among Irish-Americans today. It trumpets the struggle of a "Celtic" people (which does not exist) against a racially distinct British "Saxon Invader" to restore an Ancient Irish Nation (which never existed). Today the phony history is supplemented with a so-called socialist ideology matching that of left-wing fascist regimes such as Cuba and Nicaragua. The old-fashioned dictator has given way to a collective group operating on the lines of a Latin American junta, so that these "Republicans" share the delights of both Left and Right extremism.

It is the habit of Noraid and their Irish-American Bund to attach the "fascist" label to Protestant extremist groups in Ulster—though the murderous activity of these fanatics has been primarily reactive in the present troubles, with no doctrinaire aim except the preservation of Ulster as a U.K. province, and sectarian revenge for IRA and INLA killings. The days of the Protestant Ascendancy in the old style are gone forever, with the Unionist Party split into quarreling factions. The leader of one of these, the "Reverend" Ian Paisley, is sometimes portrayed in America as a kind of villainous British super-patriot, though he is intensely disliked by the bulk of the British electorate. His activities, which range from the sinister to the ridiculous, are reported with a certain distaste (sometimes disgust) in British national media. One British Army veteran who had served in Ulster summed up the rankers' attitude to Paisley like this: "If we could have shot the bastard, most of our troubles would have been over." It is worth noting that the principal stimulus for such support as Paisley still enjoys in Ulster remains the existence and criminal acts of the Provisional IRA and the INLA. Amusingly enough, Noraid is actually giving aid and comfort to Paisley, by

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sending money and arms to their Republican terrorist protégés.

It is fair to observe that the Republican cabals have been a reaction against a history of British misrule in Ireland. What is not well known in America (and surprisingly little known in Britain) is that they were only a part of that reaction, and not the greatest part. In fact the mainstream of popular Irish nationalism has never been friendly to these violent Republican groups, whose ferocious anticlericalism has also been disliked by the Catholic Church.* Even during the period after World War I, in the last election before partition, the extreme Republicans secured only a minority of the vote. Today Provisional Sinn Fein has no electoral support of any weight in the Republic of Ireland, and very little in Ulster, where their wretched ward-sized successes have generally rested on a split or intimidated vote.

It remains curiously unstressed not just in Britain but everywhere that Ulster is reported that the real constituency of Irish terrorist groups is foreign. The *only* broad popular support for the Provisional IRA, Sinn Fein, and the INLA is not Irish but American. It exists among a group whose links with Ireland are generally notional and sentimental, and whose awareness of Anglo-Irish affairs is determined by a period spanning the late 1840s to about 1922. Even those who take the trouble to see Ulster for themselves remain astonishingly ignorant of what goes on there, and of the actual machinery of government. In August, when a batch of Noraid supporters made a pilgrimage to Belfast to rub cheeks with Provisional Sinn Fein and the IRA, one overenthusiastic American joined a riot against the police and was arrested. After his conviction he crowed in an interview that he had been tried in a Diplock court. In fact he was brought before a magistrates' court. This is like not knowing the difference between a federal circuit court and a justice of the peace, and shows how foreign the Americans are, even among those whom they profess to support.

Another area of ignorance that journalists and politicians have done very little to clear up is the actual purpose, policy, and long-term aim of the Provisional IRA and their fellow terrorists, the INLA. This is usually summed up as the "reunification" of Ireland—which has never been unified except under British administration. A more detailed and seldom publicized expression of the terrorist purpose would read like this: first, the expulsion of Ulster from the United Kingdom; second, exploitation of the consequent unrest to destabilize Ireland, with a campaign to destroy the present system of government there; third, the imposition of a centralized and single-party dictatorship rather like that which exists today in Nicaragua. This is the quest financed by American contributions to Noraid and similar groups. The goal would not be far-fetched in a relatively small island seriously unsettled by the presence of a million frightened and armed Protestants, and with Republican terrorists enjoying the cachet of forcing the British out of Ireland, plus continued lavish financing from their American fans.

Whether the cabals and their foreign constituency will finally wear down British morale and score real political gains in Ireland is a question that may yet be answered positively by outside pressure and the vagaries of British electoral politics. Under Mrs. Thatcher this is not likely, but she will not last forever—and the American sponsors of these Irish terrorist groups are notoriously persistent. In Britain more than a few journalists and politicians are willing to assume that "withdrawal" (i.e., expulsion of Ulster from the U.K.) will transform the terrorists into good chaps who would cause no more trouble for Britain or Ireland or anyone else. The number of Americans who probably believe this is awful to contemplate. None of these people may have considered what a successful left-wing fascist coup in Ireland would mean, not just for Britain but for Western Europe and the United States. Avoiding such unpleasant prospects, they prefer to urge "negotiations" with these unrepresentative cabals despite the killing, despite the implacable drive to domination, and despite the intention to stage just such a coup. Similar urgings to "make peace" were much in fashion in another decade, and finally acted upon by a British statesman whose name was Neville Chamberlain. But he did have the excuse that Hitler represented Germany. The real tragedy of Ulster is that so many people are being needlessly killed, and that so many Americans are being gulled into subvening this slaughter, in the name of terrorists who represent nothing of any democratic significance in Ireland. □

*But the Church has not hesitated to exploit them where it could get away with it, for political purposes. This habit has not entirely died out in Ulster.


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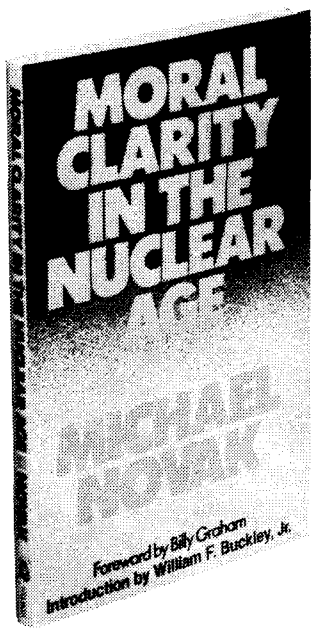


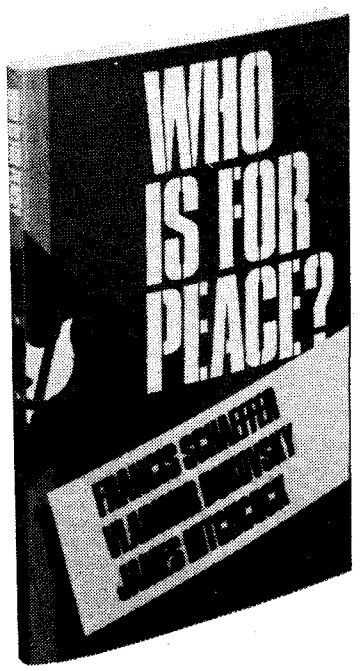


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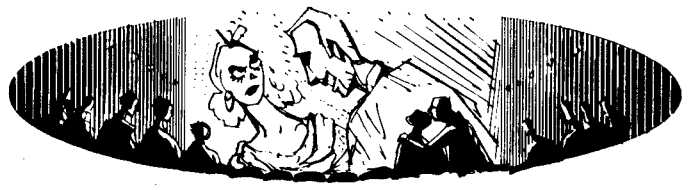

# ROSENBERGS II

by Martha Bayles

Ethel Rosenberg had to be electrocuted twice before she would die. In some countries, the failure of the electric chair to kill is interpreted as a sign of innocence—"God has spoken"—and the prisoner is released. Ethel Rosenberg was not so fortunate. Nor is Rochelle Isaacson, her fictional counterpart in E.L. Doctorow's 1971 novel, *The Book of Daniel.* The execution scene of the Rosenbergs is one of the few things about their story not significantly altered in Doctorow's novel, and in the recent film *Daniel,* directed by Sidney Lumet from a screenplay written by Doctorow.

Needless to say, the true story of the Rosenbergs is a collection of hotly contested versions. In 1975 their two sons published a book claiming a frameup, then sued the government for release of materials pertaining to the famous case, in which the Rosenbergs were convicted of conspiracy to sell the design of the implosion-principle atomic bomb to the Russians. Since then, over 200,000 pages of documents have been released, forming the basis for the new, more definitive study by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton. These authors, who set out to exonerate the Rosenbergs, were convinced by the evidence that Julius was guilty, Ethel relatively innocent, and the government prosecution responsible for a great many legal improprieties. Since the Rosenberg sons and others contend that there are still 100,000 pages on file, it is clear that the disagreements, honest and otherwise, will continue.

Written in the late 1960s, *The Book of Daniel* tells the story from the viewpoint of the Isaacson children, Daniel and Susan, who are traumatized by everything from having their mother go off one day to testify and never return, to being exhibited before a chanting, roaring crowd of supporters. It's an emotionally effective approach, because their youth and naiveté serve to place politics in the background, well behind the family tragedy of small children losing their beloved parents. Susan in particular never recovers, suffering a transfixing passion of grief which drives her into madness and then suicide. She is, as Daniel puts it, "inconsolable."

Since the Rosenbergs' real younger son is an anthropology major currently studying law, the character of Susan is obviously a fabrication: Doctorow's attempt to dramatize and heighten the way a child might react when the authority of her parents is condemned by the authority of the State. Toward the facts Doctorow claims artistic license; and to a certain extent he is justified in doing so, because he possesses the artistry to make Susan's invented fate compelling.

The trouble is, this fate is not just an artistic invention. In a context such as the Rosenberg case, where the facts have been disputed so many times for so many political reasons, an artist cannot simply come along and alter them for his own. Even if he were free of political motivation, Doctorow's artistic changes would entail a political statement. The untruth of art cannot help but come off as distortion in a climate of distortions.

Nor is Doctorow without political motive. He states in a recent interview that while writing *The Book of Daniel,* "I was interested in the connection between the New Left and the Old Left. . . . What was the role of the radical in America? Was it sacrificial?" In other words, he wanted to make the "sacrifice" of the Old Left Rosenbergs meaningful to the New. What better way to make the connection than to extend the sacrifice into the sixties generation? Susan's bitter words, "They're still f------ us," imply more than sorrowful derangement. Resonantly repeated in both novel and film, they declare that the U.S. government is responsible not only for her parents' deaths, but also for hers. Thus Doctorow distorts the most basic element in the situation: moral responsibility for the number of lives lost.

Having included the younger generation as victim, Doctorow goes on to flatter sixties youth by making their characteristic postures of prideful defiance and injured innocence look sympathetic—on Daniel and Susan. Whether or not their parents deserved execution, these two young people have an understandable grudge. What Doctorow does so skillfully is make that particular grudge seem part of a generational gripe.

I say "skillfully" because the novel is careful to distinguish between Daniel's authentic seriousness and the shallow, almost holiday mood of such demonstrations as the 1967 March on the Pentagon. "It's a lot easier," he says, "to be a revolutionary nowadays than it used to be." In this way Doctorow lends the weight of the Isaacsons' suffering to the activism of the 1960s, while dissociating them from any foolishness found therein. Not an unqualified fan of the New Left, Doctorow presents Daniel's reaction, at least implicitly, as a judgment rendered by the still-living spirit of the Old Left.

Now, a dozen years later, comes the film—and a few additional changes which, to my mind, are intended to reconcile eighties audiences not only to the Old but also to the New Left. A lot of sixties material gets removed, for example a character known as Artie "The Revolutionary" Sternlicht, whose half-baked Yippie rhetoric would cut very little mustard nowadays. Also omitted is Daniel's bizarre, Maileresque mistreatment of his wife—which in prefeminist 1971 was still an acceptable method of working out manly *angst,* but which nowadays might give the whole Rosenberg family a bad name.

In the film it is Susan who marches on the Pentagon, leaving Daniel free to express an older-and-wiser weariness toward her naive notions of revolution. His role is now more appropriate to the 1980s: a truth-seeker, a variation on the tireless investigative reporter. He makes one or two wisecracks, but compared with the Daniel in the novel, he spends precious little energy criticizing his elders or deploring American society. He's far too intent upon trying to help Susan and discover what really happened back in 1954.

I suppose it's progress that the film puts Daniel's radicalism in the background, just as the novel does his parents'. But it's a little strange to see it do the same with his Jewishness. One of the most forceful characters in the novel is Rochelle's mother, an immigrant driven crazy by hardship, who achieves religious ecstasy by cursing her loved ones' denial of God. She is a complex presence, representing both the immediate past and the kind of ardent belief which

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her daughter transfers to Communism. In the film, she is reduced to a muttering walk-on part. And the anti-Semitic element in the trial and execution is downplayed by having Daniel deliver brief but drippingly self-righteous speeches about the class bias of capital punishment.

It could be that Doctorow and Lumet, like Hollywood leftists before them, have decided to embrace the spirit of the Popular Front. While the novel omits any reference to Paul Isaacson's role in World War II (Julius Rosenberg having held a civilian job, only to lose it as a security risk), the film dresses Paul in an Army uniform and has him sing the praises of the simple, dignified "Georgia crackers" he met and enlightened during basic training.

And the film is full of "Negroes"—the matrons in the mental ward and death row, and the man who lives in the Isaacsons' basement, who in the novel drinks too much and tells Daniel that his parents are hypocrites for not inviting him to the grandmother's funeral. In the film, this man is mute, along with the matrons—all of them as nobly silent as the ideal Negroes of the old C.P. days, who seem always to be humming Paul Robeson dirges in their heads.

Class, then, is the message: the Rosenbergs as poor folks rather than Communists or Jews. Perhaps it was this desire to reach the masses which prompted Lumet to assemble a completely Gentile cast—with the exception of Mandy Patimkin, who plays Paul, and the child actors who play younger versions of Daniel and Susan. It does not, however, explain why there had to be quite such an influx of preppiness in the form of Timothy Hutton as Daniel, and Lindsay Crouse as Rochelle. Both are talented actors, but Hutton in particular is so miscast it's a constant effort to remember that he is supposed to be related to the Jewish family we see in all the flashbacks.

Of course it's possible that these casting decisions and other transformations have less to do with Doctorow's or even Lumet's ideology than with Paramount Pictures' own desire to reach the masses through the box office. Certainly there are elements of manipulation in both. But when it comes to the ending, I don't know who to blame—it's too propagandistic even for Hollywood, and too crudely manipulative even for Doctorow.

Like the novel, the film follows the grimly vivid execution scene with Daniel's interspersed memories of two funerals—his parents' and then Susan's. During that of his parents, he is walking with little Susan, who looks terribly alone; and during Susan's, he is walking in that same terrible loneliness behind her casket. This sequence of double mourning succeeds in bringing to a peak the considerable emotion which, as I've said, exists independently of the Isaacson family's political loyalties. The children's tragedy is again, and definitively, placed in the foreground.

Then comes the heavy-handed switcheroo. One moment Daniel is weeping over his sister's grave; the next he is stepping, in warm sunshine and to the tune of "This Little Light of Mine," into the passing parade of a nuclear-freeze rally. Since Susan is supposed to have died in 1969, it's not clear how the scene can skip thirteen years and place Daniel in a march which occurred in June 1982. But lack of verisimilitude is only part of the problem. Far worse is the deliberate, cynical exploitation of emotion so successfully evoked. Feel sorry for the bereaved Daniel? Here, put your sympathy with the nuclear-freeze movement. Whoever concocted this ending, it's a betrayal of truth and art worthy of Uncle Joe Stalin himself. □


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# COOLIDGE AND THE HISTORIANS

Thomas B. Silver / Carolina Academic Press / $14.95

Vincent Fitzpatrick

*According to a young Republican editor in Michigan named Arthur H. Vandenburg, Coolidge was "so unimpressive" [as Vice President] that he would probably have been denied renomination.*
—Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
*The Crisis of the Old Order* (1957)

*Death put its tragic hand upon President Harding before his work was done. Succeeding him came a quiet, modest, unperturbable New Englander who—while so* unimpressive *as Vice-President that he probably would have been denied re-nomination even for second place, had his chief survived—has captured the well-nigh universal imagination of the people in his unruffled, common sense dependabilities in the higher station which he now occupies in his own right. [A long paragraph of fulsome praise follows.]*
—Arthur H. Vandenburg
*The Trail of a Tradition* (1926)

"One must wonder," writes Thomas Silver, "what induced Schlesinger to reach into this garish heap of accolades and pluck out the single parenthetical fleck of dung with which to besmirch Coolidge. Fastidiousness? Scholarly rigor? Impartiality?"

In preparation, no doubt, for a proper monument to the Coolidge Administration, Thomas Silver has blasted and carted away the gargoyles and rubbish heaped up by such as Nevins, Commager, Morison, Leuchtenberg, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Schlesinger, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for *The Crisis of the Old Order,* is Silver's chief interlocutor. As often as not, American textbook accounts of the twenties are condensations from *Crisis,* and few students will detect, unaided, what Silver has wittily exposed there: a concatenation of gossip, free-floating adjectives, slovenly research, economic gibberish, and, for good measure, some vigorous, campaign-style lies.

It is a strange historian indeed whose primary sources, when they get a word in edgewise, seem so regularly eager to trash the impressions he has constructed. Silver lets Schlesinger's witnesses complete the ellipses and snippets that have been wrenched from their statements, resulting in impish exposures of one brazenly bogus "quotation" after another.

Silver begins with a survey of the standard accounts of Coolidge's person. He describes Samuel Eliot Morison's treatment in *The Oxford History of the American People*:

> If [readers] made it to page 933 . . . they learned that Coolidge, the second of the three "inept" Republican presidents of the twenties, was mean, thin-lipped, little, mediocre, parsimonious, not as bright as people thought, dour, unimaginative, abstemious, frugal, unpretentious, taciturn, an admirer of wealthy men, reactionary, a cynical doubter of the progressive movement, and democratic only by habit not by conviction. As president, Coolidge exalted inactivity. He took it easy in the White House with a long nap every afternoon. He maintained his feeble health by riding on a mechanical horse.

Schlesinger tells us that "the main social events at the White House in Coolidge's time were his breakfasts: pancakes with Vermont maple syrup, served promptly at eight, his large white collies wandering about the room or licking the sugar out of the bottom of his coffee cup. On other mornings, he ate breakfast in his bedroom while a valet rubbed his head with vaseline. . . ."

This is the Coolidge of orthodoxy. His cultivation ["Even as an adult he would spend evenings translating Cicero and Dante . . . (The mind simply balks when requested to produce the image of LBJ, Nixon, and Ford hunched over their Dante)"], his beautiful speeches (Silver cites the praise of Charles and Mary Beard and H.L. Mencken for Coolidge's deft English prose), his deep and tenacious grasp of the religious and political ancestry of the Declaration and Constitution—all are as if lost in remotest antiquity. For Schlesinger, insight on this intellectual statesman is to be had in lowdown poop from the White House usher, who disliked Coolidge. The Coolidges' marriage elicited envious comments even from the hard-boiled, for it was known for what it was, a great romance; but Grace Goodhue Coolidge appears only parenthetically in *Crisis* as a victim of her husband's habitual ill-temper.

"No doubt," wrote Coolidge in 1929, "it was the police strike of Boston that brought me into national prominence. That furnished the occasion and I took advantage of the opportunity. . . . Sometimes I have mistrusted that it was a design to injure me politically; if so it was only to recoil upon the perpetrators, for it increased my political power many fold."

That Coolidge's political profit from the strike was undeserved is the thesis of every history of the event written since the twenties, including the relatively middle-of-the-road account in Donald McCoy's *Calvin Coolidge: The Quiet President* (1967).

In 1919, Boston's police were working up to ninety hours a week, often in filthy conditions, for wages established in 1898 and unchanged even through the wartime inflation. Rules forbade affiliation with any outside labor union, but the police affiliated with the AFL in August 1919. Nineteen leaders of the new policemen's union were charged and convicted of violating orders, but Police Chief Curtis refrained from sentencing them, hoping they would take the opportunity to dissolve the affiliation.

In making his case that Curtis was a capricious tyrant, McCoy denies the very existence of the standing orders the police had violated. No reader of McCoy could possibly understand Curtis's actions. Similarly, McCoy omits a key provision of the "compromise" worked out by the Storrow Committee (a body of 34 leading Bostonians appointed by Mayor Peters), making Coolidge's refusal to go along unintelligible. The provision was this: "That no member of the Boston Policemen's Union should be discriminated against because of any previous affiliation with the American Federation of Labor."

Coolidge would not concede a right to disobey orders as a means of threatening to strike any more than, later, he would concede a right actually to strike. He made his sympathy with the police abundantly clear through statements to the press (none of which is quoted or mentioned by McCoy), but he would not make concessions to those who had *already* broken the law. McCoy, by leaving out these and other essentials

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of the case, simply fails to relay to his reader any notion of the principle Coolidge was standing on, which Coolidge was at pains to make clear to all of Boston. This leaves the historian free to "criticize Coolidge without showing precisely wherein his reasoning is in error . . ."

In assessing Coolidge's courage, and judging just how "accidental" (Schlesinger's word) his subsequent reputation was, it is essential to know also that his position was unpopular —before the strike, the looting, and the famous telegram to Samuel Gompers. Coolidge was unbending to the demands of the nineteen law-breaking police, even when it appeared it would finish him politically. When many of the police did strike and the nineteen law-breakers became dozens, the public came to see Coolidge's principle for the reason he noted in his *Autobiography*:

> [Calling out the State Guard earlier] probably would have saved some property, but it would have decided no issue. In fact it would have made it more difficult to maintain the position Mr. Curtis had taken, and which I was supporting, because the issue was not understood, and the disorder focused public attention on it, and showed just what it meant to have a police force that did not obey orders.

The police strike was the beginning of Coolidge's national career, and most revealing of his character. But without doubt the domestic action of the Harding and Coolidge administrations which excites the liveliest interest today is the sharp reduction in personal income tax rates (the corporate income tax rate was increased, a fact never mentioned by Schlesinger) achieved at the steady insistence of Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury from 1921 to 1932.

The chief facts about these tax rate reductions are, of course, not at all in question. Their magnitude: the top surtax rate was reduced to 24 percent from 73 percent, with all other rates falling proportionately and the personal exemptions being increased. Their effects: 1) revenues collected from large incomes increased sharply, producing, along with federal spending reductions, budget surpluses; 2) the direct tax burden was reduced in absolute size and was shifted almost entirely to the incomes of the well-to-do. In 1923, people who earned less than $10,000 paid 20 percent of the income tax; in 1929, their share of the personal income tax was 2 percent. Since taxes as a whole were reduced, the indirect tax burden transmitted through prices was reduced for consumers of all classes.

These facts about the Mellon tax rate cuts have been amply laid out in several popular books in recent years, and it is worth naming them: *The Way the World Works* (Wanniski), *Reaganomics* (Bartlett), *The Economy in Mind* (Brookes). These books, in arguing for the advisability of a Mellon-style tax rate reduction now, have probably played the chief role in awakening a whole generation to the idea that Calvin Coolidge might not have been a fool.

The salient point, regarding Schlesinger, laboring on his Pulitzer Prize-winning history *circa* 1957, is that any historian with the slightest interest in what really happened to the tax burden from 1921 to 1929 has always had, ready-to-hand, the summaries of tax collections, by size of return, in the annual reports of the Treasury. Anyone else (and this includes the 1957 Pulitzer Prize Committee) with the slightest competence to read history and the slightest interest in the facts would have expected the historian to cite this source.

Needless to say, in the 1920s of Schlesinger and other historians, Andrew Mellon's plot, *designed* to shift the tax burden from the rich to the poor, was presumably foisted on a jazz-mad citizenry unawares. The public's overwhelming support for the Mellon tax plan is never mentioned. Also never mentioned are the urgent pleas of President Wilson and *his* Secretary of the Treasury for a top surtax rate of 25 percent and other tax changes identical to those achieved by Mellon only several years later. Neither Mellon's and Coolidge's praxeological arguments for rate reductions, nor their arguments from the experience of falling revenue at the high rates of 1916 to 1922, nor their moral arguments are mentioned by Schlesinger. All his talk is of imaginary aggregates of money, never tax rates and their price and incentive effects. He quotes, in this vein, Senator Norris: "Mr. Mellon gets a larger personal reduction [from the 1925 tax proposal] than the aggregate of practically all the taxpayers in the state of Nebraska." Silver notes that in 1924 the average tax rate on the citizens of Nebraska was 2 percent, and that Mellon *paid* more in taxes than all (not practically all) the people of Nebraska. As Schlesinger's attack on Mellon reaches its climax, we encounter an actual lie: that "Mellon" dispensed billions in taxpayers' money to political allies through tax refunds "behind closed doors."

The IRS had fallen years behind in its assessments during the World War, and there were large refunds throughout the following decade. "Not until Garner forced the revelation of the figures in 1930 did the country know what Mellon had done," Schlesinger writes. Silver notes that all large tax refunds were published routinely *in the newspapers—with names and amounts*, that every penny thus refunded "behind closed doors" required a congressional appropriation, that prominent wealthy Democrats received quite their share, and that "Mellon's" tax "giveaways"—according to Schlesinger, a veritable hemorrhage from the Treasury—of $3.5 billion were exceeded during the same period by additional tax assessments of $5.4 billion.

A lingering question about Coolidge's policies must of course be to what extent they made the Depression inevitable. Schlesinger's theory is that the (fictitious) shifting of the tax burden from the rich to the poor siphoned off the purchasing power of the masses, causing the Crash. This fantasy is the basis of his Stone-Age Tiponomics, not any relevant statistics, such as these:

Total Consumption Expenditures as a Percentage of Gross National Product, 1920 to 1929

| | |
|---|---|
| 1920 | 67.7 |
| 1921 | 78.4 |
| 1922 | 76.7 |
| 1923 | 73.9 |
| 1924 | 77.0 |
| 1925 | 73.0 |
| 1926 | 74.2 |
| 1927 | 75.2 |
| 1928 | 75.9 |
| 1929 | 75.7 |

Silver's source for these figures repudiates the Schlesinger "underconsumption theory" by name.

Silver argues simply that no one is entitled to hold a view on the causes of the Depression who has not examined Friedman and Schwartz's *A Monetary History of the United States*. And though Herbert Stein may scoff at "post-hoc-ergo-propter-


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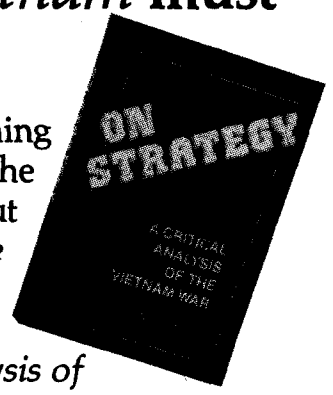


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hoc" supply-siders and their theory of the Wall Street Crash, there is the testimony of stockbrokers themselves that they were putting in "sell" orders as early as March 1929 in anticipation of the Smoot-Hawley tariff hikes of 1930. In contrast with Harding's policy in the sharp but short depression of 1920-1921, Hoover's interventions, even into 1932, for higher and higher wage rates surely helped make his name synonymous with unemployment. Had wages been permitted to fall as in 1920-21, had the Federal Reserve not reduced the money supply 30 percent from 1929 to 1933, and had Mellon's unburdensome tax structure remained in place, it is entirely credible that today we would only with some difficulty recall the recession of 1930. And all those policy choices were Hoover's to make, not Coolidge's.

Speculation aside, it is self-evident that a historian like Schlesinger, who so deeply breathes class conflict and the other stale vapors of the New Deal, could only despise a man who was ever anxious to remind his fellow citizens that "business," "labor," "capital," and "agriculture" were but adjectival tags, the names of the many creative capacities expressed by the one political substantive, the people. "This Commonwealth is one" was the opening sentence in Coolidge's first address as President of the Massachusetts State Senate in 1914. The accurate version of his most famous aphorism is "the chief business *of the American people* is business."

The burden of *Coolidge and the Historians* is that Coolidge was not what he was said to have been, that he did not do what he is said to have done, that his policies did the opposite of what it is charged they did. What then, Silver asks, becomes of Coolidge's fabled indifference to the working man, the collapse of purchasing power caused by "unjust" tax reduction, the crisis of capitalism?

Silver concludes with a warning: "the transition from the New Era to the New Deal was one of only three or four critical turning points in American political history. . . . it is at these turning points that the fundamental issues of American politics are revealed with an unusual clarity to any historian who has eyes to see." Before *Coolidge and the Historians*, the work of rescuing the New Era from partisan caricature had hardly begun; now it is well underway. □


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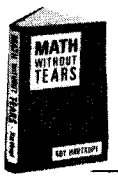


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## THE COLOR PURPLE

**Alice Walker / Harcourt Brace Jovanovich / $11.95**

Reid Buckley

It swept the field this past year: the Pulitzer Prize, the American Book Award. Alice Walker's third novel, *The Color Purple*, may or may not have been the best published in 1982, but it is undeniably a work of human understanding, a work of the heart, a deeply felt exploration of goodness in adversity, and a hymn to the power of love. It happens also to be by a black Southern woman who may be taking her place alongside Eudora Welty and Flannery O'Connor.

Will it shock that I celebrate a novel in which sexual abuse and promiscuity are presented as the norm, and whose heroine, moreover, contracts a lesbian relationship that for a very long period is her one solace? Please do not blame the courier for the bad news. When a people—most of them—is condemned to squalor, hopeless and sans relief, it is not exceptional that they should live like animals and in like degree become bestial. (Check on Chekhov—*Peasants & Other Stories*—if you have the bad manners to doubt that.) When a people has been deracinated, physically enslaved a century or more, and then socially and economically suppressed and exploited, it is not surprising that bourgeois manners and morals suffer. There is such a thing as soul-blight.

It isn't axiomatic that the deprived become depraved, but wretchedness sure does conduce to sucking the hind tit of civilization. And this is the nourishment that the blackfolk of Miss Walker's *The Color Purple* almost without exception get in her 1930s Deep South setting. The opening vignettes are savage: the rape of 14-year-old Celie by the man she addresses as "Pa," which is described in the bluntest (and most horrifying) manner; the terrible death of Celie's mother, who goes to meet her Maker burning with hatred for the daughter whom she sees bloated with the second incestuous bastard of her husband. The two infants, a girl and a boy, are snatched from Celie and sold, while she is reduced to being the slavey of the half-orphaned family, "Pa's" pleasure-object when the compulsion to rut seizes him; until one day, repulsed by Celie's physical unattractiveness, he uses her no more. She is finally bartered away to Mr. ____ as he is known throughout the novel, under whom she becomes the drudge of another loveless and broken household.

These stark opening histories, covering a tremendous matter of human suffering, are told with the most wonderful economy in brief epistles from Celie to God. Listen to the packed, dramatic euphony of Miss Walker's prose:

Dear God,

He act like he can't stand me no more. Say I'm evil an always up to no good. He took my other little baby, a boy this time. But I don't think he kilt it. I think he sold it to a man an his wife over Monticello. I got breasts full of milk running down myself. He say Why don't you look decent? Put on something. But what I'm sposed to put on? I don't have nothing.

I keep hoping he fine somebody to marry. I see him looking at my little sister. She scared. But I say I'll take care of you. With God help.

And again:

Dear God,

He beat me today cause he say I winked at a boy in church. I may have got something in my eye but I didn't wink. I don't even look at mens. That's the truth. I look at women, tho, cause I'm not scared of them. Maybe cause my mama cuss me you think I kept mad at her. But I ain't. I felt sorry for mama. Trying to believe his story [that Celie is pregnant by some nameless youth] kilt her.

Sometimes he still be looking at Nettie, but I always get in his light. Now I tell her to marry Mr.____ I don't tell her why.

I say, Marry him, Nettie, an try to have one good year out your life. After that, I know she be big.

But me, never again. A girl at church say you git big if you bleed every month. I don't bleed no more.

Hair-raising though the content, this is music in language. It is superior writing, bare and most beautiful. "I don't bleed no more." The irony of that bald statement, when she will hemorrhage forever. . . . What a lot we know about Celie; how our sympathies are engaged, and what forbidding augeries are buried in the lines! Celie's femininity has been outraged and all but destroyed. Her youth has been despoiled, and her gender, taken psychologically as well as physically, so damaged that never again will she bear fruit. Miss Walker isn't a thousand words into her novel, yet the reader is swept into the vortex of her characters' lives.

Nettie, Celie's beloved younger sister, escapes both Mr. ____ and her "Pa" by running away, attaching herself to Negro missionaries who are bound for England and Africa. It is this couple, who, being childless, have adopted Celie's offspring. That's novelistic coincidence, but o.k. The structure of the narrative is quickly established: Celie writes to God out of a sense of deepest loneliness, sin, and violation, and later also to the Nettie who, she assumes, is dead, pouring out her grief and her yearning for human love; Nettie, from Africa, writes to her sister, whom she also believes to be dead, because her letters are never answered (in a particularly hateful act of spite, Mr. ____ hides them from Celie). By this means, Miss Walker charts and contrasts the two lives. Nettie, who is educated by her foster parents, becomes steadily more literate and assured, whereas Celie remains an ignorant, untutored, grindingly poor cornfield Negress who is half worked to death and who keeps despair at bay by sheer grit.

It is one more tribute to Miss Walker's skill (but also to her understanding of the human heart, and to Celie's invincible spirit) that the story never bogs down in the blues. We

*Reid Buckley is a novelist.*



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learn that Mr. ____, though bred by a buzzard and hatched by the sun, is capable of a great and true love in Shug Avery, a popular black torch-singer of sultry pride who parks at Celie's house (and in Mr. ____'s bed) when she pleases, treating Celie like chicken-dung. Shug (for Sugar) is mean and nasty when she flounces into the novel, but she is eventually humanized by Celie's goodness. To Celie, Shug represents Romance. Shug is everything that a woman could aspire to and everything desirable, an object of male lust yet triumphant over it. An unlikely attachment develops between the two women, who, in the beginning, share little more than their scorn for black men, epitomized in Mr. ____, whom they delight in deceiving.

Yes, they become lovers. It's a bit complicated, this cuckolding of a man by his mistress with his wife (or by his wife with his mistress); and one would ordinarily resist believing in the nexus of such different women were it not for Miss Walker's careful preparation, which began way, way back ("I look at women, tho, cause I'm not scared of them"—remember?), and her deft invention in having Shug first fall ill to discover how in need she is of Celie's kindness. The reader sympathizes with this liaison because one's heart has been broken by gallant Celie, who never complains, who patiently goes about the drudgery of her existence, accepting as her lot the humiliations that are heaped on her. She, who has known from men nothing other than brutality, now with the semi-professional Shug experiences conjugal joy. Her person is respected, her womanhood treated with loving tenderness. In turn, Celie transforms the tough and shallow Shug into a compassionate woman. Together—thanks to their lesbian relationship—they grow as human beings and in our affections . . . which is when the reader raises his head from the novel and releases a gasp of surprise.

I happen to hold that homosexuality is a vice and an abomination. Yet under the power of Miss Walker's prose I suspend my disapproval, surrendering myself to the *purity* (the unselfishness; the self-givingness) of the relationship she depicts. In her language, Miss Walker is often crudely anatomical—it is the idiom of the people she writes about—but she is never prurient. She devotes as much attention to the labors of Nettie and her benefactors in their African mission, whose disillusionments are accepted with the same humble resignation that shines in Celie, as to the sordid sociological realities. These are good people, loving people—all of them. The bond between the two sisters is exquisitely rendered, and the novel's denouement, which I *won't* spoil by recounting, stops just short of pitching into sentimentality.

There are faults. Celie and Nettie indulge in amateur theologizing: God diminishes from a personal (and powerfully sustaining) presence in their lives to a kind of indifferent Force, which is a pity, and which more the pity I fear is probably Miss Walker's position. White folk are stereotyped; *touché*, I suppose, for the stereotyping by whites that Negroes have had to endure. We palefaces are the vain, silly, thoughtless, unconsciously cruel, and sometimes intentionally brutal, Oppressor. Well, many of us were, as was the structure of Southern society during the blackest days of Jim Crow. One wishes Miss Walker had demonstrated the generosity to represent at least one white in his complexity. Her harshness, however, she reserves for the black male. He, not honky, is the villain of her book.

The more one reads of contemporary black female literature the more despicable emerges the character of the black man, who is portrayed as lazy, corrupt, lecherous, violent, despotic, and the chief exploiter of the black woman. But in defense of my sex, black or white, I think it's only fair to point out that it takes two to tango; the licentiousness of the American female, white or black, is today's international scandal; and though their men may be vile, the strategy of Lysistrata has always been available to black women (as they say in Old Spain, *Una huelga en amor es de piernas cruzadas*), they need not willingly participate, as in fact most do, in the promiscuity that debases them and so often condemns them to the concubinage of despair.

The reader is left with a problem by Miss Walker. Is *The Color Purple* an evil book in its celebration of a lesbian love? To the degree that perversion is portrayed with skill, entrapping the reader's sympathies, is not the moral content of the book corrupt, and, for some, may it not be corrupting? I think so. Don't get me wrong. *The Color Purple* is not by intention bad. It concerns itself with a sociological context that indisputably existed, though Celie's resolution of it in lesbianism will strike most Southerners as eccentric. In their poverty of means and spirit, however, these people did walk the Southern landscape. Miss Walker sorrows for them. They hunger (the men also, in the last analysis) for the redemption of human love, which Miss Walker shows can be expressed in forms that are outlawed. I would not recommend her book to the immature, or to the easily shocked; but even to my 88-year-old, saintly mother, New Orleans born, I would not hesitate to praise *The Color Purple* for its rare literary excellence. Miss Walker and her novel are a Southern triumph. □

## THE AIR-LINE TO SEATTLE

Kenneth S. Lynn / University of Chicago Press / $17.50

Terry Eastland

Do not be misled by the subtitle of this collection of articles originally published in *Commentary* and *The American Spectator*, among other magazines. These "studies in literary and historical writing about America" are not dry exercises in learning.

Kenneth S. Lynn is an academic, a professor of history at Johns Hopkins University, and his substantial knowledge of American literature and history is apparent in each of the articles in this volume. But like his friend, Joseph Epstein, to whom this collection is dedicated, Lynn is also a writer, a very good writer. His ear for the language is obvious, his use of it entertaining and forceful. And it is what Lynn has to say in this collection of essays and book reviews concerning the American past that makes them worth reading again, if not for the first time.

Lynn's basic message lies in the phrase, which is the book's title, "the air-line to Seattle." The phrase comes from a poem by George Santayana, which Lynn discusses in an essay that leads off the book.

The poem describes "an old, secluded glade" where its aging Puritan and Quaker inhabitants "grow fervid in the shade," the surrounding trees "bending" to their speeches and providing "an echo's charm." The trees and vines "weave about" the place, shutting "the

*Terry Eastland is a frequent contributor to* The American Spectator.


**What do these have in common?**

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- A & P's checkout counter
- Joe Gribble's manure clearing system
- Bert Adams' battery (and the Supreme Court Justices)

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mucker-village out." Nonetheless, concludes the poem,

> . . . the smoke of trade and battle
> Cannot quite be banished hence,
> And the air-line to Seattle
> Whizzes just behind the fence.

As Lynn explains, Santayana composed this poem in 1900 as a satirical attack on his fellow professors at Harvard; they were the glade's inhabitants. And as Lynn goes on to show, Santayana gradually came to view American intellectuals in general as full-fledged members of the glade, "locked into the beliefs and practices of the past," cut off from the "mucker-village" and "the air-line to Seattle."

As for Santayana at the turn of the century, so for Lynn today: many who study and write about the American past are what one might call (if I may craft a phrase) "glade people."

Agitated in large part by the "wicked sin" of the Vietnam war, "the professoriat," writes Lynn, has "proceeded to initiate a whole new scholarship about American civilization, in which it [has] incorporated a host of dubious theories, old and new." Just as, for Santayana, the American intelligentsia seventy years ago was cut off from "the unspeakable variety of possible life," the American intelligentsia today, in Lynn's view, is similarly cut off, more interested in its own theories and the imagined evils of America than the realities symbolized by "the air-line to Seattle."

Reflecting on such subjects as the influence of Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday*, reviewing such recent books as Christopher Lasch's *The Culture of Narcissism*, Lynn persuasively shows that many writers about America are indeed wrapped up in their own ideas and relatively uninterested in "the air-line to Seattle." These writers are hostile to traditional values of religion and family, and to those of business and commerce. They typically place more importance on man's intellect than on his other faculties, have noticeably egalitarian tastes, and are attracted to utopian schemes. Politically and socially liberal if not radical, the sensibility of these writers is on display when they interpret the American past—a past they often get wrong.

Thus, as Lynn points out, the biographers of Ralph Waldo Emerson are absorbed with the idea of his being the nonmaterialistic "American Scholar," the image Emerson himself sought to encourage. What they fail to see is the private Emerson, a man whose actions in his marriage and private life mark him as a scoundrel and a hypocrite.

Similarly, historians of the early twentieth century are bent on portraying the rebels of Greenwich Village as fugitives from repressive small towns and authoritarian parents. They have yet to appreciate that, as Lynn demonstrates, the majority of the rebels came from large cities and were the children of socially and politically liberal parents.

Furthermore, critics and teachers of *Huckleberry Finn* have been preoccupied in recent decades with the idea that Huck was fleeing a sick society when he said, at book's end, that he had to "light out for the Territory." The idea of America as a sick nation has had many adherents but, as Lynn shows, Mark Twain was not one of them.

Perhaps the most remarkable essay in *The Air-line to Seattle* is "Falsifying Jefferson," Lynn's review of Garry Wills's *Inventing America*. That book challenged the conventional view that the Declaration of Independence reflected the American


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mind in 1776, a mind influenced by Locke, among others, and emphasizing the importance of liberty and the primacy of the individual. Winning the acclaim of journalists and academics alike, Wills argued that the Declaration instead reflected the communitarian ideas of the common-sense philosophers of the Scottish Enlightenment.

Lynn demolishes Wills's argument, concluding that Wills's "obvious aim is to supply the history of the Republic with as pink a dawn as possible." The question is why the book drew so much praise. Lynn aptly comments: "In an age of ideology, the inventions of ideologues have come to seem plausible, even though they are fantastic. *Inventing America* does not help us to understand Thomas Jefferson, but its totally unearned acclaim tells us a good deal about modern-day intellectuals and their terrible need for radical myths."

*The Air-Line to Seattle* is as entertaining as it is informative. But it is also a sobering reminder of the vast amount of work still to be done in the war of ideas that is determining the fate of America. Lynn's essays point out the errors and biases of "the professoriat," the glade people who ignore the air-line to Seattle (and who may need reminding that Santayana's air-line was not a 747 but, as it could only have been in 1900, a steam-engine train). Needed also are books that provide a more accurate treatment of the American past and are more empathetic with the aspirations and ideals of the American people.

Needed in particular is a good, general history of the United States that is not written from the perspective of the New Deal and the Great Society. *The Air-Line to Seattle* will serve a most valuable end if it encourages the writing of a more sensible and sensitive literature about America. □

## CONSEQUENCES OF PARTY REFORM

Nelson W. Polsby / Oxford University Press / $24.95; $8.95 pbk.

Richard Jensen

Nelson W. Polsby, a prominent political scientist at Berkeley, reacted to Watergate by dedicating himself to monitoring the vital signs of the American political system. Distressed by his discoveries, he now warns the nation that the party reforms of the last fifteen years gravely threaten the health of democracy. His prognosis is more trouble ahead—more Jimmy Carters; lurches to the left as power gravitates to ideologues and the national media; sclerosis in government as bureaucrats seize control from ineffective political leaders; and an overall decline in accountability and democracy.

The trouble began in 1968, when the last-ditch opposition of the McCarthy and Kennedy forces to Humphrey's nomination set the stage for the creation of new rules governing party structure and delegate selection at future conventions. The McGovern commission, established in 1969 and controlled by radicals utterly hostile to the traditions of their party, handed down "reforms" more amenable to chaos than to equitable participation. McGovern in 1972 and Carter in 1976 and 1980 were both clever enough to use these new tricks to seize the nomination. While the GOP did not undergo internal reform, it was affected by subsequent state and federal laws, such as government financing of presidential campaigns, and by irresistible pressure from the media.

Polsby is mesmerized by the chaos within the Democratic party (as if that were something new!), as well as by the confusion in national affairs that resulted when a product of the new system took over the White House in 1977. *Consequences of Party Reform* evolved from lectures given abroad during the Carter years, and the sense of malaise from that era is its dominant motif. In fact, the Reagan Administration is totally ignored. Strong leadership of the sort Reagan displayed in 1981 is quite impossible in the political system Polsby describes.

If the study of disease is the best way to understand health, perhaps an analysis of what went wrong under Carter will reveal the true workings of politics. Yet pathology is not all there is to medicine. Polsby's strictures on the failings of the system tell us more about the doctor's mood than about patient America.

State and local party organizations, it is true, are less important in choosing presidential nominees than ever before. National politics has become nationalized. But the post-1968 rules were hardly the cause. Party organizations died years ago, save in a few intensive care wards in Chicago and a handful of other big cities. Candidates for major office learned decades ago that they had to plan, finance, and conduct their campaigns without heavy reliance on local parties. More than ever before, they are turning to the national parties for direct help. National parties, in fact, have never been stronger. The Republican national and congressional committees not only raise vast sums of money, they also provide technical campaign assistance and training to candidates across the land. The Democrats are desperately trying to catch up, though we can expect them to lag in fund-raising ability so long as most of their adherents expect money to flow from the government to them.

The McGovern commission did indeed impose quotas for minorities, youth, and women in the selection of delegates, stripping some power from the old pols, but this does not necessarily mean that the excesses of the early 1970s will soon be repeated. We might recall that most of the old pols were hardly fearless champions of the common good, as Polsby would have it. They were spokesmen for older coalition elements (unions, city machines, and certain ethnic groups) that had declined in number but still

*Richard Jensen is professor of history at the University of Illinois, Chicago, and author of* Grass Roots Politics: 1854-1983, *to be published this fall by Greenwood Press.*


*There was nothing civil about it . . .*

A BATTLEFIELD ATLAS OF THE CIVIL WAR

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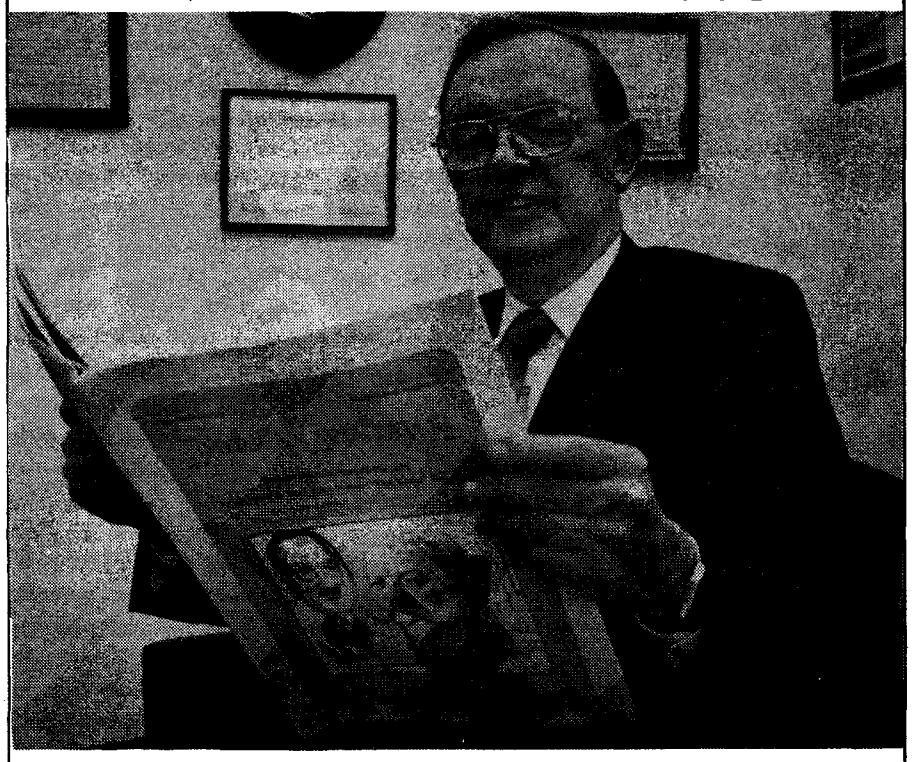

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clung to the reins of power until forcibly ejected. The Republican party once had a similar problem with corrupt black politicians who controlled the "rotten boroughs" of the South, and it took a series of purges (1904, 1928, 1952, and 1964) before it was resolved. In the last twenty years the GOP has been so homogeneous in its social and economic composition that its internal squabbles have seemed tame compared to the tribal warfare practiced by the Democrats.

Anyone watching Mondale's courtship of special-interest groups, or charting the remarkable growth of the lobby industry in Washington, would agree that business, labor, professional, religious, environmental, and single-issue groups carry unprecedented political weight. But this is so because we have evolved into a highly specialized society in which everyone belongs to numerous overlapping groups, each with its own needs for favors and protection. If "John Q. Public" ever existed beyond cartoon images, that day is long gone. In the old days the parties were geared to providing offices for politicians, with policy matters of secondary importance. The parties were typically uninterested in comprehending the complexity of society.

Polsby fears that the leftist bias in the national news media is pushing the political system in dangerous directions. The bias may be there, but its impact can be questioned in view of the success conservative candidates have had in recent years. Public opinion polls, which even the most biased media have been forced to acknowledge and publicize, guarantee that reporters, producers, and editors cannot always get away with claiming that their views reflect those of the people at large. It is well known, but not reported by Polsby, that conservatives have made much more effective use of the new technology, most notably in the area of direct mail appeals for ideological causes, and in mass-membership groups like the National Rifle Association. Polsby is too quick to dismiss the pollsters, election experts, and media consultants who have replaced old-line politicians in the management of campaigns. Their keen sense of the pulse of public opinion, together with the mass-base fundraising that is now the foundation of politics, means that citizen participation in the selection of candidates and the shaping of issues and the agenda for public discussion is greater now than at any time in this century.

No inoculation can prevent the body politic from infection by another Jimmy Carter—even genetic engineering remains too primitive for that. But let's not forget that Carterism was easily cured after four years. Though members of the House of Representatives have developed immunities of their own (devote heavy attention to constituency services, raise huge campaign treasuries, and denounce Congress; the voters will ignore the record), senators, with greater visibility and larger constituencies, have been less successful in isolating themselves from the public mood, as the defeat of most of the


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liberals from conservative states in 1978 and 1980 demonstrated. The American political system is not an organism suffering the distress of old age. Like our economy, which resembles hardly at all the economy of 1940, it is a creature newly reborn. The symptoms that worry Dr. Polsby resemble adolescent growing pains more than senescence. □

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: A BIOGRAPHY
André Le Vot / Doubleday / $19.95

William H. Nolte

If anyone doubts the old axiom that nothing succeeds like failure, he need only look at the present Fitzgerald industry to have his doubts disappear like the morning mist before a bright sun. The story of Fitzgerald's meteoric rise and his no less sudden fall is simply irresistible. A darling of the gods, he seems also to have been the badly flawed offspring of their inscrutable and infinitely ironic will. Indeed, had he been less flawed in personality he would not be so attractive to us today. After all, it is as much his life as his work that fetches modern readers. Moreover, no one was more conscious of his failure than Fitzgerald himself, who spent the last ten years of his short life celebrating, as it were, the causes of what he termed "The Crack-Up," the title of the first of three extraordinary articles on his artistic, and his mental and physical, deterioration that he wrote for *Esquire* magazine in the late autumn of 1935. Long before his death in 1940 his contemporaries had marked him off as a has-been, by no means an unfair assessment; and many believed his renown depended as much on the spirit of the age which saw his star rise as upon his ability as a novelist. And yet no writer of his time and place has received more posthumous attention.

In this latest biography André Le Vot, who has spent the last twenty years sifting through the enormous body of work directly or indirectly concerned with Fitzgerald, gives us the best account to date of the man and the artist. If Le Vot tells us little that we had not heard before, he nevertheless tells the tale with a pace and precision that keep the reader glued to the chair, waiting for the next (usually unsettling) scene to unravel before the eyes. Though I would hesitate to call Fitzgerald a tragic figure, since he was much too weak of will and too narcissistic to be considered an admirable person, I have never been so convinced by any of his biographers that he personified what Nietzsche called the all-too-human qualities or attributes. Since he was so often either above or below the norms of human behavior I wonder that the existentialists, when they were still whinnying with us, didn't embrace him as one of their own—but then on second thought I do know why they didn't: his best fiction is less concerned with the present moment than it is with the past, or, for that matter, with how the present is constantly being engulfed by the future. Fitzgerald's stories, unlike the best ones (that is, the early ones) of Hemingway, a favorite of the existentialists, are invariably tinged with nostalgia.

Incidentally, Le Vot is especially incisive in analyzing the Hemingway-Fitzgerald relationship. Commenting on how Hemingway sought to renew his style in the 1930s in such minor works as *Death in the Afternoon* and *The Green Hills of Africa*, Le Vot notes, "It does seem that Hemingway was as helpless as Fitzgerald was then, even if he did express that impotence in aggressiveness rather than self-denigration." Helpless though he was to escape "the iron yoke of a style whose effectiveness grew as its scope narrowed," Hemingway nonetheless remained a favorite of average readers and reaped rewards that now seem outrageously inflated. He also left as part of his legacy the cruel treatment of a man who was down. For whatever reasons, Hemingway could never forgive Fitzgerald for having been so kind and considerate in helping him find a publisher for *The Sun Also Rises* and for having offered useful criticism of that novel. In the posthumous *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway left a scathing portrait of his former friend, one that certainly reflects the littleness of Hemingway better than it depicts Fitzgerald.

Good as it is, Le Vot's study contains a number of factual errors along with some stylistic indulgences, particularly in the early parts, that must annoy careful readers. Whether Le Vot, his translator, William Byron, or the editors at Doubleday are to blame is a moot question, but in a book this good the blemishes stand out all the more. For one thing, the poet Rupert Brooke was not "killed" in World War I; rather, he died of sunstroke. For another, the footnotes referring to Edmund Wilson's *The Twenties* (at least in the American edition) are incorrect; the quotations, so far as I checked, are accurately transcribed, but they are not on the pages given in the notes. Again, Mencken's famous essay on the cultural sterility of the South bears the title "The Sahara of the Bozart"—not "Sahara of Bozarts." Nor was Mencken "sixteen years older than Sigourney Fay"; he was actually five years younger than Father Fay.

At times Le Vot's style smacks rather too much of the stately, as in this over-corseted account of Scott and Zelda's first meeting: "The game had already been going on for a year when a young staff officer, slim and proud in his Brooks Brothers uniform, blond and handsome as a summer deity and stepping lightly, as though on winged feet, approached Zelda at the country club. He was twenty-two, she eighteen, and the love born that evening was to become legendary in American literary lore. Time slowed for them and stopped; by the end of that summer they would bring a burning love story to life." Ah, sweet mystery of life and love and old etcetera! And

*William H. Nolte is C. Wallace Martin Professor of English at the University of South Carolina.*


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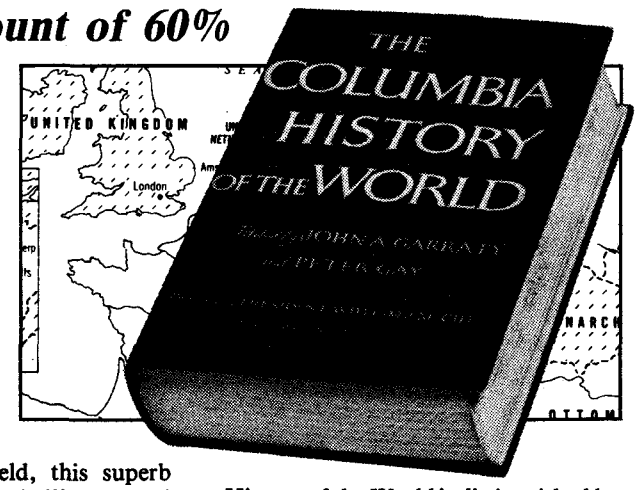


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then this: "At a time and place in which passions were brief and unions fleeting . . . Scott and Zelda would give the world of the Roaring Twenties, despite their incessant quarreling, a lesson in anachronistic constancy, of a love that was forever threatened, forever reborn." We are no sooner free from that syrupy passage than we find the couple spending long evenings on "the Sayres' clematis-shaded porch talking endlessly of love through the hot evenings, analyzing their feelings, tripping all the levers of charm and enticement." The adverb in that passage almost took my breath away, and the final clause left me in a swoon. I had to read the following sentence twice before deciding that Le Vot was not pulling my leg—at least intentionally: "[Fitzgerald] tried to cut down on his beer intake—he had been swilling as many as thirty-seven bottles a day—which kept him from eating properly and made him logy."

But these are minor distractions, which I remark only to forewarn the reader. No one with the least interest in FSF can fail to be enthralled by this splendid work. □


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## CONNOLLY'S LIFE

Ralph McInerny / Atheneum / $13.95

John R. Dunlap

Ralph M. McInerny, professor of philosophy at the University of Notre Dame since 1955, has been a minor Catholic novelist since 1967, when he published *Jolly Rogerson*, a *Lucky Jim*-like foray into the tacky realm of academia. Since then he has written 14 more novels, including seven thus far in his popular Father Dowling mystery series. Over the past 16 years of his steady literary production, critics have been divided between a minority who find McInerny's fiction boring and not one damn bit funny and a majority who find his fiction informative, charming, and often hilarious. Needless to say, his is a fiction with a message.

The message is a bit hard to pin down, exactly. For as an authority on St. Thomas Aquinas and a top-flight scholar, McInerny seems to have picked up the Angelic Doctor's penchant for dogged clarity and, with that, a quiet unconcern for the amassing of debater's points. His scholarly work is not only readable (a wonder in itself) but downright graceful. Then, too, his fiction is true to its form: it pleases and instructs without insisting; above all, it is faithful to the complexity of human experience. And this may partly explain why the critics who don't like McInerny's fiction dislike it so vehemently. The message, hard as it may be to pin down amid the tangled plots and whimsical dialogue, is blunt and discomfiting: that our world, always complex and often incalculable, nonetheless is fundamentallly intelligible—and that the dreadful and hilarious creature man is responsible for the intelligibility.

That sounds like the sort of message you'd get from a self-conscious Thomist. But this Thomist writes novels, and the novels are not merely cerebral. Let us cast the message in a syllogism:

*Major Premise:* Humans owe it to the fundamental intelligibility of the world not to act like jackasses.

*Minor Premise:* Yet humans often act like jackasses.

*Conclusion:* Therefore, humans are in arrears to the fundamental intelligibility of the world.

McInerny's fiction is entertaining and funny because it centers on the minor premise; whimsical and bittersweet because it leaves you blinking ruefully at the conclusion; unobtrusive and serious because, like a modest enthymeme, it implies the major premise. That the logic is impeccable is only incidental.

In his latest novel, *Connolly's Life*, the message is served up with a laconic refinement bordering on the precious. The main character is the first-person narrator Jim Clark, a middle-aged American writer living abroad in Italy in a self-imposed exile from his native Wisconsin, writing in the first person now, feeling futile, and shacked up in his Roman apartment with a neurotic American girl half his age . . . and if your teeth are starting to itch, relax: I've just exhausted the clichés; most of *Connolly's Life* is poignant and spellbinding.

In fact, it is appropriate for Jim Clark to appear somewhat as a cliché. A hugely successful writer of boys' adventure stories ("good wholesome stories, too"), he is nonetheless a self-styled, indeed self-made, loser. As in McInerny's previous novels (notably his 1973 best-seller *The Priest*), *Connolly's Life* has for its backdrop the turmoil of post-Vatican II Catholicism, and Jim Clark, self-made loser, has lost his Catholic faith. He has also lost his wife, Nancy, to the charms of his best friend Michael Connolly; he has lost his self-respect to his erratic passion for a succulent 20-year-old airhead named Maria; and he almost loses his life to the fury of Maria's psychopathic boyfriend, Austin. Clark is thus the common vertex in a double love triangle which, given the cultural milieu of the novel, is just preposterous enough to be plausible: there is little of love in either triangle and much of a highly cultivated self-delusion in both.

We learn all this in a tight blend of flashback and narrative progression. The novel opens with Clark learning from a newspaper in Rome that Michael Connolly, the title character, has been killed in a plane crash back in the States. The late Father Michael Connolly, we are given to know, was a "dissident" Catholic theologian, a prominent chinwagger among the

*John R. Dunlap is Lecturer in Latin and English and the Walter J. Kropp Reader in Greek and Classical Civilization at the University of Santa Clara.*


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avant-garde Catholic intelligentsia, a darling of religion editors for the secular media—and, back during the excitement of Vatican II, the seducer of Nancy in a spell of Roman fever. Clark himself had been a Vatican correspondent for a liberal American Catholic magazine and a close friend of Connolly's (they had been to seminary together); but that's all years past now as Clark, settled in Rome and hung up on his bitterness, reads of Connolly's death.

Clark flies back to the States to attend the Washington funeral, a splash celebrity affair offered up by McInerny complete with cameo appearances by such real-life glitterati of the American Catholic intelligentsia as Daniel Berrigan, Garry Wills, Avery Dulles, Michael Novak, and Malachi Martin. Clark and his former wife Nancy slip away from the august gathering to have dinner, but they can't avoid fencing with each other. Their marriage long ago annulled, Clark is still a bit wistful about Nancy but remains stung by memories of being cuckolded; Nancy, for her part, has acquired a middle-aged chic, having evolved into an ecumenical groupie who wears her sunglasses perched on top of her head and is concerned about the Third World. In other words, they are both losers, packed with guilt about their personal failures and living off the residual capital of a basic decency acquired in their strict Catholic upbringings—but, let it be said, profoundly without blame for one shared loss: years before, they lost their two-year-old son Gregory to a childhood disease. That loss seems to account, sadly and bewilderingly, for some measure of their fine-tuned asininity.

A few days later, after attending Connolly's burial, Clark is astonished and then angered when, dreamy-eyed, Nancy tells him that she has seen Connolly alive, in her Washington apartment.

Back in Rome, Clark accepts a commission to write Connolly's biography; he needs the money and, after all, here is his chance to take some post-mortem revenge on the "sonofabitch." He plans to examine what Connolly has been and done "in the clear light of the Christianity he had tried to obscure." Although Clark—evidently an old-fashioned sourdough Catholic liberal of the Sheed-and-Ward variety—has long ago lost his faith, the loss is just one more reason for his resentment of Connolly's easy hermeneutics: "I wanted to be as clear as possible about the content of the faith I had repudiated. Connolly would let me go on reciting the Creed and not meaning a word of it."

That's the kind of irony and gray humor you'll keep running into in *Connolly's Life.* Nor does McInerny play favorites when he delineates the features of a spent culture. McInerny calls himself "an uncomfortable conservative," and he's clearly no more comfortable with weather-bitten reactionaries than with idiot liberals. In *Connolly's Life,* therefore, you'll encounter modern Catholics with little sense of history for whom the word "relevant" somehow defines an absolute, as well as the type whose "idea of benefiting humanity is to hire planes to dump holy cards on the Congo." And Jim Clark, by the way and without spoiling the novel for you, is ultimately denied his revenge. What with his half-wit wench Maria pouting for his attention it's difficult for Clark to get any writing done, but things start getting very complicated (and somewhat chilling) after Maria tells Clark that she too has seen Father Connolly alive, in Clark's Roman apartment.

The dustcover of *Connolly's Life* describes the novel as a "theological thriller," but you don't have to be Catholic to take it as a clever mystery, a shrewd psychological enthraller, a moving and sympathetic portrait of Catholicism in crisis—and, by extension, of Western culture in a tailspin. That's your culture too, whether or not you're Catholic, and Ralph McInerny, minor Catholic novelist and major Catholic scholar, is a wry, clear-sighted, genial witness to its dissolution. □

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STILLMAN/RAWSON

(continued from page 28)

ing the presents, although custom exempted gifts of food or liquor which could be consumed within 24 hours.

"A lot of thought went into these presents," my father remarked. "I'm concerned that our friends might be seriously offended when they find out that we couldn't keep them."

Throughout Georgetown, Cleveland Park, Silver Spring, and McLean in the weeks immediately before and after Christmas, impromptu parties were thrown to dispose of the consumables. A sensation of bloatedness rarely left us during those days.

On Christmas morning I was surprised to receive a set of oversized soldiers with unfamiliar uniforms and insignia. "Made in Czechoslovakia" markings cleared up some of the mystery. It was slightly insulting to get such a juvenile present, but I suppose I was grateful for the thought behind it.

In February our next-door neighbors told my parents that two FBI agents had questioned them on my parents' personal habits, such as whether they had any drinking problems, gave loud parties, or had unusual visitors. My parents were actually pleased to hear of these inquiries, as a proforma FBI check usually preceded any important promotion. My father was anxious to be free of the Hatch Act's oppressive anti-politicking provisions, from which officials on the Assistant Secretary level and higher were exempt.

What the neighbors did not know was that I had developed a drinking problem from finishing the leftovers after my parents' parties. While my parents' social life continued the same as before, I had begun to view it from a far more critical perspective. In the social arena political Washington's rigid class system became bluntly apparent. What most disturbed me was that my parents participated in this system rather than rebel against it. When senators, senior diplomats, or a cabinet secretary came to one of their parties they were delighted; if not, they were far less pleased.

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still revolved around the big roller-rink birthday parties. The Parents Council of Washington's *Social Code* did not even contemplate evening parties for our grade. But these were the 1960s and in romantic matters we were maturing faster than the established institutions recognized. School activities such as square dancing, previously considered "finky" and intended to be that way by the school authorities, now seemed less so. Miss Shippen's dancing classes took on a new, more interesting dimension. The nature of interestingness itself changed. This caused some soul-searching. At Virginia Country Day the Republican girls were far more attractive than their Democratic counterparts. Neither were attractive in personality terms. The exceptions were girls from CIA families. One, Sarah Sheridan, lived nearby in Georgetown. In exchange for help on homework she introduced me to Top Forty music as interpreted by WEAM, the capital's leading rock 'n' roll station.


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### Democracy in Deadlock

Summer 1963. Civil rights was on everyone's mind, particularly on Martha's Vineyard, where future trends were incubating and sometimes hatching. Activist friends of my parents took us to a meeting in Oak Bluffs of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee or SNCC—the "Non-violent" of the title later acquired threatening overtones—and afterwards to a Vineyard Haven screening of Jean-Luc Godard's movie *Breathless*. The summer of 1963 also brought President Kennedy's moving "Ich bin ein Berliner" speech. The ecstatic reception given Kennedy in Berlin seemed to be the New Frontier's high point thus far.

By September, however, back in Washington, a contagion of pessimism had spread through the Administration. Virtually the entire Kennedy legislative program still remained to be enacted. Copies of James MacGregor Burns's *The Deadlock of Democracy* were in every living room. It was Burns's thesis that under the present congressional system it was *impossible* for a liberal legislative program to gain passage—and for over eight months his thesis held.

### The Unraveling

One afternoon after school my mother asked my sister and me to take seats in the living room as she had some grave news to tell us. She said that Anne Post Turner, the Cincinnati newspaper heiress who was one of her closest friends, had died from an accidental overdose of sleeping pills.

"It's terribly sad," she said. "I was aware, though, that she had an awful insomnia problem."

Next she told us that their friends the Leffingwells were getting divorced, but out of regard for them only gave us the broadest outline of what had happened.

That summer Mrs. Leffingwell had given a job in her Nantucket wicker shop to her friend Polly Fisher, who was in a difficult position financially. Mrs. Leffingwell had planned to play with her husband in the yacht club tennis tournament, but at the last minute could not, so Polly Fisher took her place. Several weeks later, giving some odd excuses, Mrs. Fisher left her job and the island. After Mr. Leffingwell, pleading work, stayed in Washington over the next two weekends, his wife flew home. In her bedroom she found several objects belonging to Mrs. Fisher.

Incidents such as these were another aspect of the New Frontier period. Conservatives saw the rising divorce and other rates as evidence of the country's moral and social fabric unraveling. In fact, the United States was on the eve of an onslaught of social change.

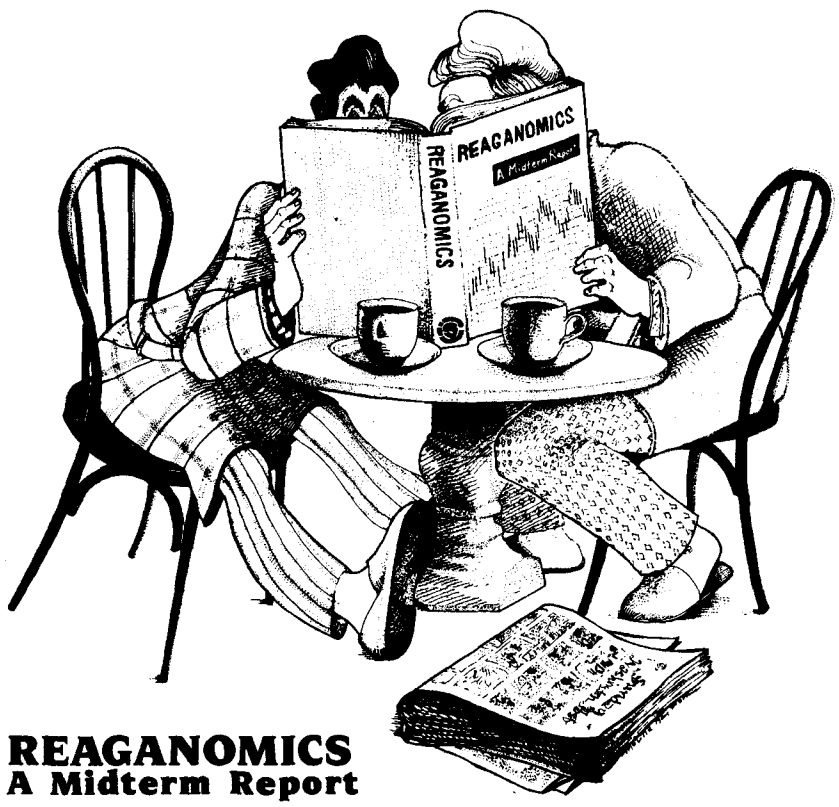
Things were beginning to move quickly. *Life* magazine published a profile of a girl who at eleven years old was already "going steady." In Washington the Parents Council's *Social Code* emphatically warned: "*'Going Steady' should be discouraged.*" But the old rules did not always apply anymore. At *Social Code*-approved parties (which began for us that year) I found myself spending more and more time with Sarah Sheridan, who was always in high spirits and the only girl in the class shorter than I.

In October 1963 Cameron Whittaker Williamson, the ultra right-wing author of *Capital Coverup*, published a successor volume, *District Dossier*. In the new book Williamson returned to his earlier theme of corruption and Communism in the federal government, but now explicitly linked them to international finance. In a chapter entitled "Treachery at Treasury" he gave his lengthy analysis of how the Administration's international financial policies were in the exclusive interest of the Communist Bloc countries and the big New York and London banks, with the Rockefellers, Warburgs, and Rothschilds cited by name.

Williamson's sole concession to the libel laws was to identify the officials he accused of corruption or disloyalty only by a single letter of the alphabet, chosen at random. But, for anyone who cared to, their true identities could be triangulated easily from his descriptions. To make identification even simpler it was Williamson's idiosyncrasy to include precise descriptions of his subjects' cars. A key part of the Treasury chapter went as follows:

> R, a senior official in Treasury's international operations hierarchy, has made no secret of his close relations with Communist Bloc diplomats, often joining them at their small after-parties following an evening of diplomatic receptions. Ostensibly to reciprocate, R has invited the Eastern Europeans to parties in his home, where they have been free to make contact with high-level government officials. He has accepted expensive gifts from the Communist diplomats, including lavish Christmas presents for his children.
>
> Conventional wisdom holds that no one dealing secretly with the Communists would associate with them openly—but the Communists are familiar with this line of reasoning, too . . .
>
> During his college years R associated with H, whom R himself has described as "interested in the ideals of Marxism-Leninism." The Marxist folk singer Peter Seeger was a member of R's college class. R himself was an officer of the Harvard Student Union, a left-wing political group. He attended lectures at the Fogg Art Museum.


**Ronald Reagan and Tip O'Neill should sit down next Sunday and read this book.**

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Before joining the government R lived on Manhattan's Lexington Avenue, where intimate contact with members of the international banking community came as a matter of course. His wife's younger brother was Vice President of the Chemical Corn Exchange Bank. R's Wall Street law firm counseled the powerful Kuhn, Loeb investment banking house, which has been linked to London's Warburgs.

The culmination of R's audacious career has been the international financial policies of the Kennedy Administration . . .

R drives a green 1962 Plymouth with New York license plates. The dark green interior is cluttered with a backrest, Kleenex box, small plaid blanket, garden implements, first-aid kit and other objects. Front and back bumpers carry political stickers endorsing Democrat "Morgenthau for Governor"—violating the Hatch Act's restrictions on partisan political activity by government employees. R's flaunting of this statute is an indication of his astounding disrespect for the democratic system which enacted it . . .

What immediately stood out in Williamson's fantastic attack was that the car he described was not my father's—a silver Chrysler New Yorker—but the station wagon my mother drove. My father speculated that on the day Williamson or his surrogates did their "research," he must have driven the station wagon to work. My mother was upset at the idea of strange men poking around her car, examining the clutter inside.

After consulting lawyers my father decided not to give *District Dossier* the recognition of a libel suit, which would have meant first identifying himself as "R" and then laboriously rebutting all Williamson's ridiculous charges and innuendoes.

He was far more concerned about the apparent leak of his classified report on Herb (Williamson's "H") —this was a national security violation. The fact that H himself held a sensitive intelligence post was, he noted, strangely omitted from *Dossier*. Evidently Williamson's source had leaked only what could be construed as damaging to my father, the least significant part of his report.

"Weil is the only person with a motive for this, and he has access to Secret Service documents," my father confided to my mother. "But it's hard to believe he could do anything so foolish. Leaking classified information to a crank like Williamson is something no one will defend. This should end Weil's career in government."

My father also saw *Dossier* as a sign of the growing virulence and irrationality of the country's rightist fringe. He braced himself for possible violence. But the first and, for a time, the only response to the book came from an entirely unexpected quarter. My parents were abruptly dropped by the popular Eastern European diplomatic set. "I'm surprised," my father said. "I thought they had become real friends."

Then the incidents began. One afternoon my mother came back from a downtown shopping trip utterly shaken. She prided herself on never getting any traffic citations—at least she hadn't gotten one in years. That day, three weeks after *Dossier*'s publication, she got two parking tickets in the space of a few hours. The implication seemed clear. Birchers or other right-wingers on the District police force had recognized her car from Williamson's description.

"In this kind of climate anything can happen," my father said. "The police have evidently spotted your car. What if some right-wing nut with a bomb does, too?"

"There's nothing we can do," my mother said. The incident had pushed her into a profound depression.

"I'm not going to take any chances. We'll sell the car."

Meanwhile at Treasury the situation was becoming intolerable. Weil continued to ride high. My father heard no more talk of promotions. He was deeply disappointed by what he felt was the Kennedy camp's ineffectiveness or lack of interest in taking care of its own people. In contrast, Johnson gave protégés like Weil his full backing. My father had not yet said anything about the security leak and he was beginning to be concerned that someone might interpret this as negligence. Finally he sought a private meeting with Secretary Dillon and Undersecretary Roosa to try to confront the tension in the department directly. It was scheduled for December 3rd.

On Friday, November 22, 1963, the New Frontier came to an end. Even today, wherever adult Americans gather, the question is asked, "Where were you when you heard that President Kennedy had been shot?" I was in the front hall at Virginia Country Day waiting for my mother to pick me up to take me to the psychologist with whom I was supposed to talk about my drinking. During the drive the radio in her new Ford country wagon carried continuous reporting from Dallas and before we arrived it was reported the President had died. Nearby the bells of the National Cathedral began to toll.

In the days that followed members of the Administration looked around for an explanation for what had happened and found one in the climate of hate fostered by the far right and associated with Dallas since a hostile crowd mobbed Lyndon Johnson there during the 1960 campaign. Arthur Schlesinger commented that while Kennedy, like every President, was subjected to satirical attack, "in the domain of the radical right it all became much sicker and nastier. Not since the high point of the hate-Roosevelt enthusiasm of the mid-thirties had any president been the target of such systematic and foul vilification." Schlesinger cited the printed cards Dallas businessmen were passing out at cocktail parties earlier in the year. "I miss Ike," the front of the card read. On the back it said: "Hell, I even miss Harry!"

To my parents it was this atmosphere of hatred which killed Kennedy. They were particularly disgusted by the story of a Dallas fourth grade class applauding the news of Kennedy's assassination, my parents' assumption being that the fourth graders were probably just naively expressing the prevailing adult sentiment. From my experience in school I thought there was a simpler explanation: fourth graders tend to be really stupid.

On the Sunday following the assassination, examining a newspaper photo of Lee Harvey Oswald being escorted down a Dallas jailhouse corridor, my father recognized one of the bystanders as his college acquaintance "Herb." Herb's presence in Dallas that day struck him as very odd, or, at least, extremely peculiar. Later when he mentioned it in conversation with someone connected with the Warren Commission, they asked him to put everything he knew about Herb into a long memorandum. When the Warren Commission's findings were published he was surprised to find no reference to Herb by name or otherwise in the entire multi-volume report. →


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In early January, 1964, my father was selected to lead a major trade mission aimed at expanding the level of U.S. exports in key markets abroad. Quite a few Administration officials associated with the Kennedy camp were given similar prestigious special assignments. He stepped down from his Treasury post to prepare for the six-week, ten-nation tour. Luxembourg, Yugoslavia, Monaco, Nepal, and Fiji were among the countries visited.

Upon his return he started interviewing for a more demanding federal assignment. The name of Tom Gimbel, who coordinated personnel matters for Johnson, began to crop up more and more often in my father's evening conversation, finally dominating it completely. However, it seemed impossible to find a "good fit" for his interests and capabilities within the upper rank of the new administration. After several months he decided that he could really accomplish more working in the private sector.

I welcomed the prospect of returning to New York at the end of the school year. Washington's power-based class system, its sterility as an urban center, a growing suspicion of the futility of politics, and weekly beatings in school had soured me on the city.

The hard part, of course, was leaving Sarah Sheridan behind. The 280-mile separation was to be quite a strain, especially as neither of us would be eligible for a driver's license for years. Our relationship finally did not work out. I was sad, but at the same time felt capable of handling it. Since Christmas I had shot up three inches in height and sensed that my social horizons would be broadening.

**Epilog**

Upon leaving Washington my father accepted a senior post in the international division of a well-known New York bank, soon rising to the position of Executive Vice President—International. Still later he would devote his energies to a nonprofit foundation dedicated to the lessening of world tensions.

Robinson Weil was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. My father's college acquaintance Herb rose to the third top position in the Central Intelligence Agency, finally retiring in 1975. He died in a Chesapeake Bay boating accident later the same year.

Cameron Whittaker Williamson, the author of *District Dossier,* developed a writer's block and never completed *Executive Exposé,* the promised next volume in his Washington series.

*—Wade Rawson, Jr.*
*Woodstock, New York*
*May 1980-September 1983*

# SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

## THERE WILL ALWAYS BE ENGLISH

by Peter Shaw

For some years now the protagonists of the most interesting English plays have been living in the past. Typically an elderly, superannuated gentleman meanders along expressing nostalgic and retrograde opinions that somehow charm us as reminders of better times. The tone of reminiscence has sometimes grown bitter, as in Harold Pinter's recent *No Man's Land*—which concerned *two* superannuated old gentlemen. But in Simon Gray's *Quartermaine's Terms* the regret is again mild. The elderly protagonist, however, has been replaced by a man in middle age. Possibly because this new character has been exposed to the present egalitarian society of England for a larger proportion of his life, he has trouble recalling just exactly what the country has lost.

The action of *Quartermaine's Terms,* which has been running for over a year in New York, nominally takes place in the early 1960s, though the time might just as well be the present. The mannered, mild title character retains little more of the past that made him than the habits, gestures, and speech that define an Englishman. The scene is the teacher's room of a small school located in Cambridge at which English is taught to foreigners. The staff of five is made up of middle-aged nonentities permanently installed at the very bottom rung of the academic ladder.

Their talk is of spouses and children, elderly parents, evenings at the movies, babysitting, weekends—some appropriately think of going to see *The Cherry Orchard* on Saturday night—and vacations. The action takes place in this same room over nearly three years, in the course of which one of the school's directors ages visibly, and the other dies. One teacher has a baby; a second, who is a spinster, is shaken at the death of her sick mother; a third suffers through his teenaged daughter's mental breakdown, long illness, and death. A fourth is left by his wife and children, then finally completes the first draft of an obviously inept first novel. The new part-time instructor, a nervous, accident prone young man, marries a girl reported to suffer from a speech impediment; she is nevertheless hired to teach at the school, and they have a baby.

St. John (pronounced "Sinjun")

Quartermaine, the last member of the staff, is a vague, middle-aged bachelor who cannot tell one foreign student from another. Out of kindness the aged school directors have kept him employed despite his growing more absentmindedly incompetent from term to term. (These are the "terms" of the title.) Reviewers have taken Quartermaine to be a virtually clinical case of mental debility. And yet both his concentration and memory function perfectly when it comes to inquiring in detail about the domestic doings of his colleagues' numerous spouses and progeny—he visits, loves, and is loved by the children.

Quartermaine and his colleagues have been reduced to supplying foreigners with the country's last salable commodities: English language and culture. Quartermaine is not alone in having lost touch with the historical sources of these. His colleague, Henry Windscape, the brightest of the group, comes in shaken after trying to teach his class on British Life and Institutions something about "our parliamentary system."

I had the whole lot of them dismissing it with contempt—the three or four from the Eastern bloc, all the ones from Fascist countries, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the South Americans—the French were the loudest, as always—but even the Japanese.

Henry cannot tell what went wrong with the class: "usually it's perfectly

*Peter Shaw has written for* Commentary, *the* New Criterion, *and other periodicals. He is author, most recently, of* American Patriots and the Rituals of Revolution (*Harvard*).



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clear to me but this time it all came out rather oddly."

Elsewhere in the Cambridge community things are not going much better for British life and institutions. Mrs. Cornley, a local landlady, has complained that the school's three Turks don't know how to use the bathroom. Henceforth, she says, she will take in only "traditional foreigners." At the local French restaurant some Japanese students have gotten drunk and broken up the furnishings. Elsewhere the police are complaining that some French girls have attempted to kill a swan among the punters on the ordinarily serene Cam river. These students seem to have failed to understand Miss Garth's point in showing them a medieval recipe for roasted swan as part of *her* course in British life and institutions.

In a recent article on "The Birth of Modern Freedom" in the *Times Literary Supplement,* J.H. Hexter emphasizes the uniqueness of the "liberty and representation" developed by the English. Not the least reason for the success of their parliamentary system, Hexter points out, was the efficiency with which it raised money to support England's wars, and hence her national might. Eventually, one may add, the unique institutions of freedom entwined themselves with English culture and became inseparable from it. Then, in post-imperial England, although the institutions remained in place, they came to be associated mainly with the culture, and no longer with power.

*Quartermaine's Terms* records the present results of this dissociation as it is illustrated in the lives of its small staff of teachers. They sink helplessly into the vortex of family tragedies, all the while conducting themselves, like Quartermaine, with impeccable, hollow English manners. "Have a good weekend?" they ask one another. "I trust you all had a good weekend." (They have not.) "How's mother?" "Top form, thanks." "All well with mother, I trust?" "Yes, thanks Eddie, top form." (Mother is dying.)

In Quartermaine's case the past that evolved these formulae has dissolved into a single vague memory of a swan, the stately but endangered creature that has already been associated in the audience's mind with British life and institutions (the play could easily have been titled "Swan Song"). The swan, Quartermaine recalls in his key speech (which echoes Yeats's "The Wild Swans at Coole" and "Leda and the Swan"), was "most beautiful," "so calm," and had "all that—that *power.*"* Nowadays, as his colleague Miss Garth has remarked, swans are a "protected species." But perhaps not for long.

At the end Quartermaine faces his colleague Henry Windscape, who has been kind enough over the years to let Quartermaine kill some time by babysitting for his children, one of whom is the disturbed teenager. Henry, who has just been made principal after the death of one of the co-directors and the retirement of the other, immediately tells Quartermaine that under the new administration there won't be "any room for you anymore." Quartermaine accepts his dismissal with his usual accommodating manners. Then as he ends the play looking out into the audience, one thinks of the once proud English on the world stage as he whispers his habitual expression of dismay: "Oh Lord!"

It is possible though not easy to sense the post-imperial theme of *Quartermaine's Terms* in its current New York production, performed by a cast of accomplished American actors. But unfortunately the play has been cut so as to make it appear more obscure than it really is. It would not be wrong to call the results "Pinteresque." And inasmuch as Harold Pinter was the London director, he may well be responsible for the styles of American productions at the Long Wharf in New Haven and now in New York City. The new effects tend to produce discontinuity and strangeness. Scene ends have been shortened and cut off by quick blackouts. Information about Quartermaine's life is omitted, making him seem even more disembodied than was intended. Along with these cuts there is the usual removal of English colloquialisms for an American production. In this case that unnecessary, insulting practice further abstracts the characters from their milieu. Finally, and least excusably, passages tending to bring the play of certain ideas to the surface have also been removed.

An almost continuous game of croquet, representing much that is English, is supposed to take place just outside the set's French doors. In the course of it the audience should hear the foreign students starting out as promising players, their beginning to get into arguments, their violating the rules, and finally their losing and breaking the equipment. Equally pointed was Henry Windscape's speech on Miss Garth's recipe for roasted swan. In the text Henry comes in from giving some of the students an apparently successful croquet lesson—an incident likewise cut from the production. Glancing over Miss Garth's shoulder at the recipe, he enthusiastically speculates on how it might be used in the British Life and Institutions course. One could trace eating habits from medieval feasts "to the modern dinner of frozen hamburgers, frozen chips and frozen peas—

and—and—thus illustrating one aspect of our culture's advance, eh, from a very few eating splendidly to almost everybody getting hideously fed.

In the removal of these lines there is a kind of censorship at work that is a quite different matter from the imposition of a modernist style on the play. The powerful swan of Britain's imperial past was apparently sufficiently Aesopian to be left in. Few in the audience, after all, could be expected to notice that the allusions to "Leda and the Swan" evoke the mystic notion of an exhausted modern civilization in need of a violent rebirth—one symbolized by the primitively powerful, raping swan. On the other hand the playwright's cranky, chauvinistic poking of fun at foreigners, and his culinary sniping at Welfare State egalitarianism, were evidently felt to be all too graspable by the audience, and both were removed. As a result, *Quartermaine's Terms* has been taken as a play about an eccentric individual instead of a study of a whole civilization. □

*The new *Vanity Fair* magazine, dedicated to putting its readers at ease with modern expression in the arts, found the play "offensive" and explained that, "in the most obvious fashion, Gray presents Quartermaine metaphorically as a wild swan, and discussion of a medieval recipe for baked swan telegraphs that his goose . . . is cooked."


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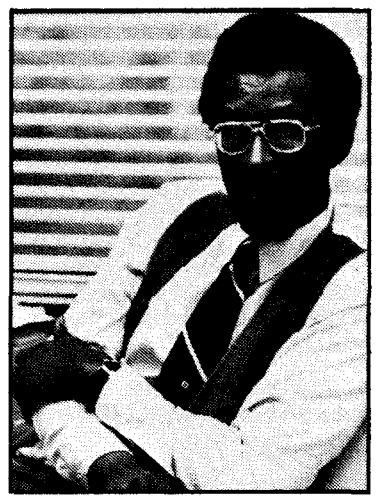

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# CURRENT WISDOM / KAL 007

### Pravda

Trend-setting *Pravda* lays down its prim observations on the recent misfortune over the Sea of Japan, and all right-thinking American journalists follow. Read on and marvel:

*Washington's Amoral Behavior*

NEW YORK, September 3 (*Pravda*'s special correspondent)—Official Washington is continuing to fan the flames of an unprecedentedly vicious anti-Soviet campaign around the disappearance of an unidentified plane which intruded upon the air space of the Soviet Union.

Not satisfied with propagandistic hysteria within the country, the White House and its closest allies have foisted a discussion of the question upon the UN Security Council. In this connection the American representative, who sank to the level of dirty insinuations and resorted to gross slander against the Soviet Union, attempted to use this authoritative international agency as a forum to violently exacerbate international tensions. . . .

Appeals of this kind are what the current US administration has employed from the outset when it proclaimed a "crusade" against Communism. If the reasons for the unsightly show produced by the USA were to be summed up in one sentence, it might be this: the US administration wants yet another pretext to justify its irresponsible and irrational policy of preparing for nuclear war. . . .

[*September 4, 1983*]

### The New York Times

Schoolmarm pontifications from Anthony Lewis, occasioned by Soviet efficiency in the skies over the Sea of Japan:

BOSTON—In its values and methods it is a state profoundly alien to us. Dealing with it is grindingly difficult. But in this world there is no alternative. . . .

The danger on the American side is a return to a policy that amounts to not talking. The idea that Soviet power can be restrained by isolation is a dangerous illusion. In this very incident, communication between Soviet and U.S. officials over the wandering plane could have prevented the worst.

The Soviet Union is a state at odds with us in fundamental ways. But we live on the same planet, and shouting and posturing will not make it go away. In the long run there is no safe escape from the hard work of negotiation.

[*September 4, 1983*]

### The New York Times

Heuristic reflections, historical in nature, on that great Liberal heartthrob, Ike, from Anthony Lewis, occasioned by the hellish Reagan's red-baiting on Yankee T.V.:

BOSTON—When President Reagan spoke to the nation the other night about the shooting down of the Korean airliner, angrily denouncing Soviet behavior, I found myself thinking about Dwight D. Eisenhower. He would have been just as angry, I thought, but there would have been a different tone in his response: more restrained, more dignified, more convincing. Or was I just romanticizing a now remote figure? . . .

Even in as aggravated an affair as that of the Korean airliner, it is better—more effective—to avoid shrill rhetoric. The more the Russians soil the air with lies and insults, the calmer we should be. We should take special care not to seem to be indicting the Russians as people, to be attributing irredeemable iniquity to their nation.

The aim, after all, is to win the support of fair-minded people everywhere for civilized behavior toward civilian aircraft —for civilized behavior in general in a tense world. And Dwight Eisenhower's way worked.

[*September 8, 1983*]

### The New York Times

Scottie gets mad, as the Russians go too far:

WASHINGTON—The chances are that we'll never know who gave the orders in the Soviet Union to shoot down the Korean plane, but the guess here is that the motivation goes back into Russian history: the fear of invasion by Napoleon and Hitler, the fear of being overwhelmed by the computer societies of the West and Japan; the fear of freedom; the fear of satellites in space and U.S. reconnaissance planes snooping with electronic gadgets into Soviet strategic hideouts. In this fearsome and excessively suspicious atmosphere, it's not hard to imagine that the Korean plane's intrusion into Soviet territory could lead to confusion and a tragic blunder. . . .

In fairness, the Russians have no monopoly on the politics of fear. As Mr. Andropov is practicing on us, President Reagan is practicing it on them as the "source of all evil."

And even in our own country, at the beginning of the Presidential election of 1984, we are starting to hear the old sad appeals to "fear"—that if President Reagan is re-elected, or replaced by Walter Mondale or John Glenn, all will be lost. It's a foolish argument in both domestic and foreign politics, but the appeal to fear is still standard political procedure.

[*September 7, 1983*]

### The Washington Post

In a full-page ad in the *Washington Post* the solomonic Larry Flynt explains the Korean Air Lines mishap as the work of Congressman Larry MacDonald, whom Mr. Flynt finds weird:

A man like MacDonald is so nuts that his martyrdom cannot be ruled out as a motive. In his world the sacrifice of 268 other people would be nothing compared to eliminating the "incomparably greater evil" of communism. With the help of the pilot, or other CIA operatives who were just as weird as MacDonald and who could have replaced the pilot, he could have caused the flight to take its fateful course causing the Russians to shoot down the plane. With the help of even higher authorities on his side, there would have been no problem at all. Knowing that the accusatory finger would be pointed at the Soviets, he could be assured of escaping any suspicion. And the U.S. could maintain an appearance of "innocence."

[*September 9, 1983*]

### The New York Times

From Paris Miss Flora Lewis proffers an urgent prescription occasioned by the Soviets' recent inscrutable act:

PARIS—The most important question provoked by the shooting down of South Korea's Boeing 747 is the relation between political and military decision makers in Moscow. . . . The White House is right in not suspending political-military talks with the Russians. It is more urgent than ever to make sure Moscow understands U.S. and Western views, and try to learn how the Kremlin is reasoning.

[*September 6, 1983*]

### The New York Times

Still more serene observations from a *New York Times* don illuminating the mystery of Korean Air Lines Flight 007; this time the observations come from Tom Wicker, psychoanalyst to the Politburo:

Actually, there is no link whatever between the "termination" of flight 7 and the supposed need for the MX. If anything, the gross Soviet deed over the Sea of Okhotsk reflects Soviet fear, suspicion, insecurity and distrust—not the "aggression" Mr. Reagan repeatedly cited. And Foreign Secretary Gromyko's stonewall remarks at Madrid, together with all the other Soviet bombast, sound much like "whistling past the graveyard"—desperate defiance, that is, of a world fearfully seen as threatening on all sides.

[*September 9, 1983*]

### The Nation

The incomparable *Nation:*

TRUTH SHOT DOWN: It must be that the American press, public and political establishment take secret pleasure in suffering the persistent, pervasive lies of their government. What else but a diagnosis of mass informational masochism could explain the credulous acceptance of Washington's official line on the South Korean airliner attack? The inconsistencies, half-truths, deceptions, coverups and outright falsehoods of the Reagan version were obvious from the start. But even if the story had been flawlessly crafted, the history of governmental mendacity over the last thirty years, at least, should have alerted everyone to the likelihood of deceit.

[*September 24, 1983*]

### The London Times

In the correspondence section of the *Times* another Western Holy Man speaks out:

*From the Reverend Claude Riches:*

Sir, Before we give ourselves up to unrestrained condemnation of the Russians, ought we not to ask ourselves whether we are entirely clear in our own minds what the attitude of British military authorities might be if an Argentinian plane, albeit one having the appearance of a civilian aircraft, were to approach beyond the exclusion zone of the Falklands and refuse to obey or acknowledge all attempts made to divert it?

[*September 9, 1983*]

### The Village Voice

The azygous Alexander Cockburn (pronounced, kō′burn) in another alarmed state, doubtless similar to his alarmed state when the Soviets went into Afghanistan, Hungary, and forget not the slaughter of the Kulaks:

I must say I thought the intensity and indeed the immensity of the US reaction deeply alarming. It is almost as though many find the tragedy in some awful way satisfactory, proof positive that the only way to deal with the Soviet Union is to build bigger missiles and head for the deep shelters.

[*September 20, 1983*]

### Publishers Weekly

Proof that within the Soviet establishment humanity endures:

Publishers agreed that the Soviet officials with whom they spoke regarded the shooting down of the Korean plane as a tragic occurrence. Levin, who talked with the heads of the Soviet copyright agency, the trade association and the state committee for publishing and printing, said they all "openly discussed their unhappiness over the event."

[*September 20, 1983*]

### The Washington Post

And Ellen Goodman, that champion of all America's morbidly aggrieved, outperforms *Pravda:*

In all the horrid aftermath of the death of 269 human beings, I am most struck by the way their murder has brought life to America's most hawkish Soviet-watching. The Russian image of last summer, the pen pals of Samantha Smith, are gone, replaced by the Russians of the fall, the builders of the Berlin Wall, the invaders of Afghanistan. The Soviets who were anti-war because they knew war and had suffered enough have been replaced by the hunkered-down old men who are "uncivilized" and "barbaric." . . .

A tragedy born of miscommunications, paranoia, and hair-trigger hostilities in a dangerous world is being used to increase the danger. If it were my mother, brother, child, friend, I also would be saddened to see these deaths escalate the possibilities of universal catastrophe. I would be particularly appalled to see the remains of the peace movement wash up on the political shores like grisly debris on the beaches of Japan.

[*September 17, 1983*]



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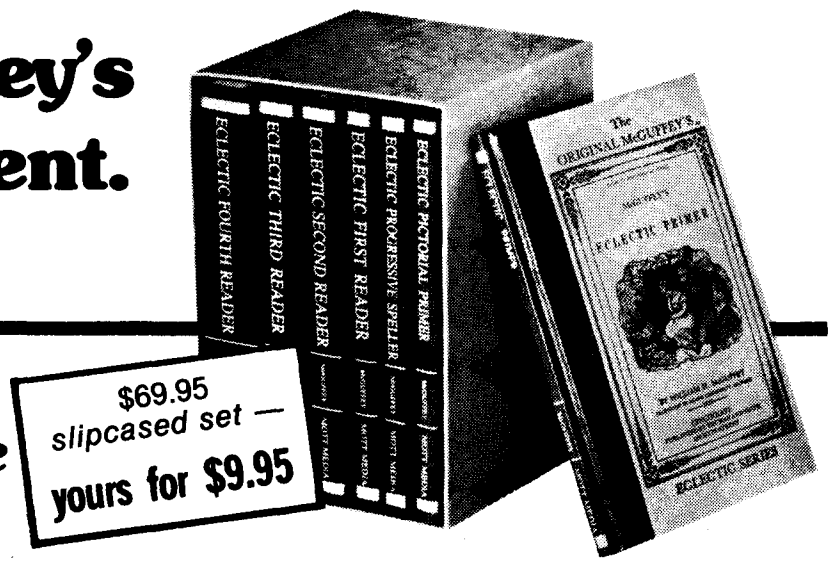


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